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SUNDAY TIMES

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NOVEMBER 14 1971

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The memoirs of LBJ Part 3

MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEFIELDS Poverty, Race, Education and Pollution

Above left: LBJ argues a point with Everett Dirksen, Minority Leader of the Senate, who held the key to the passing of the Civil Rights Act in 1964. "Dirksen could fight politics as well as any man (but) he knew his country's future was at stake. He knew what he had to do as leader."

Above right: LBJ with civil rights leaders Ralph Abernathy and Martin Luther King. Johnson had said "The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer him when he reply to the Negro by asking 'Patience'."

WHEN I RECALL the first full year of my Presidency, I think of people: people entering my office, people leaving my office, people meeting in my office, people waiting in my reception room, a steady stream of people. They included Walter Heller, Chairman of the Council Economic Advisers, who came to see me at 7.40 in the evening. He told me that early in November he had asked the departments and agencies of the Federal Government for ideas that could be used in developing a programme to alleviate poverty. He said that he had discussed the subject with John Kennedy three days before his assassination. President Kennedy had approved his going ahead with plans for a programme but had given no guidance as to the specific content. Now Heller had come to ask me an urgent question: Did I want the Council Economic Advisers to develop a programme to attack poverty?

I swung around in my chair and looked out the window. "I'm interested," I responded. "I'm sympathetic. Go ahead."

Give it the highest priority. Push it ahead full tilt."

We were moving into uncharted territory. Powerful forces of opposition would be stirred. Many people warned me not to get caught in the snare of a programme directed entirely toward helping the poor.

We foresaw clearly the problems and dangers. But the powerful conviction that an attack on poverty was right and necessary blotted out any fears that this programme was a political landmine. Harry Truman used to say that 13 or 14 million Americans had their interests represented in Washington, but that the rest of the people had to depend on the President of the United States. That is how I felt about the 35 million American poor. They had no voice and no champion.

When economist John Kenneth Galbraith wrote of our "affluent society" at the end of the 1950s, he said that "the arithmetic of modern politics makes it tempting to overlook the very poor"—that because the poor were an "inarticulate minority," the "modern liberal politician" did

not align himself with them. I did not suffer the disadvantage of being considered a "modern liberal politician." The closest I came to that description was being called a "Populist," which is the term some liberals reserve for progressives who come from the Southern and Western parts of the nation. So I determined that this Populist politician would be the one who finally gave poor Americans some representation and helped them find their voice and improve their lot.

There was something both amusing and fitting about beginning work on the poverty programme. One evening during those Christmas holidays in 1963 I walked from the main ranch house to a little green frame house we call the "guest house." Inside, seated around a small kitchen table, were Walter Heller, Budget Director Kermit Gordon, Bill Moyers, and Jack Valenti. The table was littered with papers, coffee cups, and one ashtray brimming over with cigarettes and torn strips of paper. Just a few feet from the window several of my white-faced Herefords were grazing placidly and a little noisily.

I joked with Kermit Gordon about the half-hearted attempt he was making to blend in with his South-western surroundings. He was wearing a pair of fashionable slacks—what we Texans would call "city-bought trousers"—and a khaki Western shirt I had lent him. He told me with a smile that he was blending urban and cattle country. It struck me that the poverty programme itself was a blend of the same: of the needs and desperate desires of the poor in the city ghettos and the poor in obscure rural hollows.

The title War on Poverty was decided on during those days at the Ranch. It had disadvantages. The military image carried with it connotations of victories and defeats that could prove misleading. But I wanted to rally the nation, to sound a call to arms which would stir people in the Government, in private industry, and on the campuses to lend their talents to a massive effort to eliminate the evil. So in the end, we came back to the War on Poverty.

On January 8, 1964, in my first State of the Union address to the Congress, I announced: "This Administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America." I warned that "it will not be a short or easy struggle" but that it was a war "we cannot afford to lose." It was a war not only on economic deprivation but on the tragic waste of human resources. The effort was not only morally justified but economically sound.

"One thousand dollars invested in salvaging an unemployed youth today," I pointed out, "can return forty thousand dollars in his lifetime."

The key to the Administration's plans for attacking poverty, Mr Johnson explained, was "com-

munity action": Government money would be distributed to local organisations run by the poor themselves.

Soon other ideas began to take their place beside a community action in the emerging legislative proposal: programmes to give a special educational head start to children from deprived backgrounds; plans to train school dropouts; a blueprint to draw on the volunteer spirit of American youth; new ways to help small businessmen in the slums get started and to help impoverished farmers keep going; programmes to enable students from low-income families to work while they pursued an education.

Only six weeks after the task force had first assembled, the programme was ready to go. On March 16 I sent it to the Congress. It was called the Economic Opportunity Act.

The attacks on the Bill began as soon as the hearings started. In the House, wealthy Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, set the tone for the opposition by contending that there was nothing new in the programme. "This country has been engaged in fighting poverty since it was founded," he said.

Clearly Frelinghuysen had fallen victim in his thinking to the old Republican "trickle down" theory of economics. This theory argues that if there is prosperity within the business community, money will eventually find its way down to the people at the bottom of the economic pyramid. This philosophy works just as it sounds. By the time the money filters down to the bottom it is no more than a trickle, even when the country is prosperous. When the nation experiences a recession, the money stops altogether. The War on Poverty recognised that the inveterate poor need specific attention.

Lady Bird and I made a special trip to the Middle West and through the scarred mountains of Appalachia to focus the nation's attention on the problem of poverty. I saw the poor that day in Appalachia with my own eyes. And I believe that through the eyes of reporters and photographers who travelled with me, all America saw them too: the gaunt, defeated men whom the land had abandoned; their tired, despairing wives; their pale, undernourished children—all holding up home-made signs of welcome as we visited their hills.

I will not forget the man whose home I visited on the banks of Rock Castle Creek on a mountainside in eastern Kentucky. His name was Tom Fletcher. His house was a tar-papered, three-room shack which he shared with his wife and their eight children. I sat on the porch with him while he described the struggle he had to support them all on \$400 a year. He regretted more than anything else that his two oldest children had already dropped out of school, and he was worried that the same fate would overtake the others. So was I. The

tragic inevitability of the endless cycle of poverty was summed up in that man's fear: poverty forcing children out of school and destroying their best chance to escape the poverty of their fathers.

"I want you to keep those kids in school," I said to Mr Fletcher when I left him. But I knew he couldn't do it alone. He had to have help, and I resolved to see that he got it. My determination was reinforced that day to use the powers of the Presidency to the fullest extent I could, to persuade America to help all its Tom Fletchers. They lived in the hollows of Appalachia and the hill country of central Texas, in swamp and desert, in cane brake and forest, and in the crumbling slums of every American city and every state. They were black and they were white, of every religion and background and national origin. And they were 35 million strong.

JULY 20, 1967, was a day of shame and defeat. On that day a simple, uncomplicated Bill came before the House of Representatives which proposed rat extermination efforts.

Every year thousands of people, especially those living in the slums of our cities, are bitten by rats in their homes and tenements. The overwhelming majority of victims are babies lying in their cribs. Rats carry a living cargo of death. Directly and indirectly, more human beings have been killed by rats than have been killed in all the wars since the beginning of time. In their travels from sewers to trash heaps to kitchens, rats carry the germs of fatal epidemic, jaundice, and typhus.

But the greatest damage cannot be measured in objective terms. You cannot measure the demoralising effect that the plague of rats has on human beings—a mother awakened by a cry in the middle of the night to find her child bleeding with rat bites on his nose, lips, or ears.

Something happened in the House that afternoon, something shameful and sad. A handful of Republicans joined together to try to make low comedy of the entire programme. Congressman Joel Zroyhill, a Republican from Virginia, helped set the tone: "Mr Speaker, I think the 'rat' smart thing for us to do is to vote down this rat Bill 'rat now'."

The floodgates opened. The House had a field day—laughing about high commissioners of rats, hordes of rat bureaucrats, and rat patronage; jesting about the new civil "rats" Bill. At the end of this burlesque the rat Bill was defeated. The old Republican and conservative-Democratic coalition had won again.

When I heard the description of this sorry spectacle, I felt outraged and ashamed. I was ashamed of myself for not having prepared the House of Representatives and the nation to approach this issue more intelligently and with a proper sense of urgency.

The Bill became a personal

challenge. I spoke about rats to every public forum I could find. I argued economics with the conservatives: "If rats cost us about 900 million dollars a year, does it make economic sense to argue against a 40 million dollar programme of control?" I stressed morality with the moderates: "Have you ever awakened in terror to the screams of your child being bitten by rats?"

I talked politics with the Republicans: "I thought you'd like to know about an article in the current issue of The Democrat: its title is something like 'Republicans Laugh as Slum Dwellers Battle Rats'; now you can't afford to have us saying things like that, can you?"

On September 20 the House reconsidered its action. With the heat of public indignation upon them, the Republicans had stopped laughing. By a 44-vote margin the House voted a rat control amendment.

When I left office, government reports showed that of the 35 million Americans who had been trapped in poverty in 1964, 12.5 million had been lifted out—a

reduction of almost 36 per cent in just over four years.

Of course, we had not lifted everyone out of poverty. There would be setbacks and frustrations and disappointments ahead. But no one would ever again be able to ignore the poverty in our midst.

WHEN I WAS IN THE SENATE, we had an extra car to take back to Texas at the close of each congressional session. Usually my Negro employees—Zephyr Wright, our cook; Helen Williams, our maid; and Helen's husband, Gene—drove the car to the Ranch for us. At that time, nearly 20 years ago, it was an ordeal to get an automobile from Washington to Texas—three full days of hard driving.

On one of those trips I asked Gene if he would take my beagle dog with them in the car. I didn't think they would mind. Little Beagle was a friendly, gentle dog.

But Gene hesitated. "Senator, do we have to take Beagle?" "Well," I explained, "there's no other way to get him to Texas,"

continued on next page

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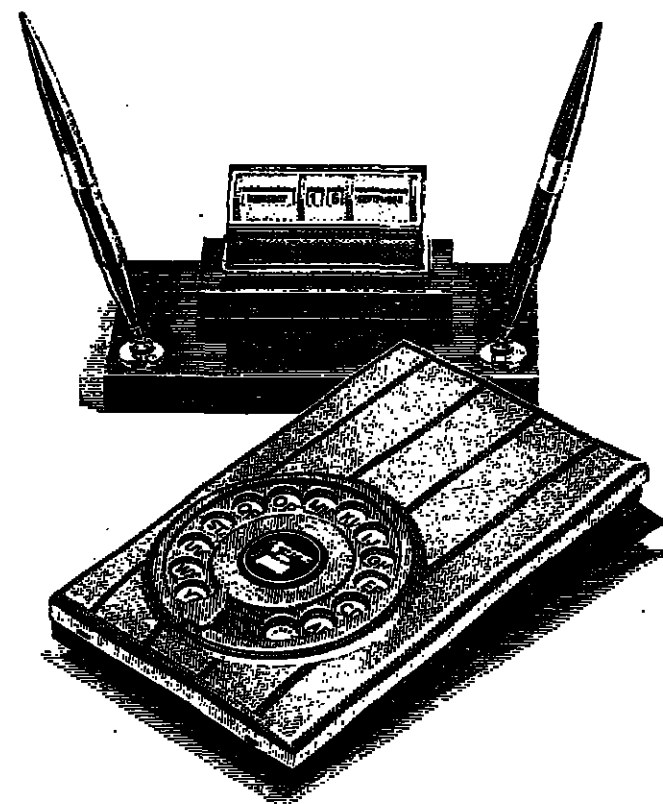
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MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEGROUND

continued from preceding page
He shouldn't give you any trouble, Gene. You know Beagle loves you."

But Gene still hesitated. I didn't understand. I looked directly at him. "Tell me—what's the matter? Why don't you want to take Beagle? What aren't you telling me?"

Gene began slowly. Here is the gist of what he had to say: "Well, Senator, it's tough enough to get all the way from Washington to Texas. We drive for hours and hours. We get hungry. But there's no place on the road we can stop and go in and eat. It gets pretty hot. We want to wash up. But the only bathroom we're allowed in is usually miles off the main highway. We keep going 'til night comes—'til we get so tired we can't stay awake any more. We're ready to pull in. But it takes us another hour or so to find a place to sleep. You see, what I'm saying is that a coloured man's got enough trouble getting across the South on his own, without having a dog along."

Of course, I knew that such discrimination existed throughout the South. We all knew it. But somehow we had deluded ourselves into believing that the black people around us were happy and satisfied; into thinking that the bad and ugly things were going on somewhere else, happening to other people.

I never sat on my parents' or grandparents' knees listening to nostalgic tales of the antebellum South. In Stonewall and Johnson City I never was a part of the Old Confederacy. But I was part of Texas. My roots were in its soil. And Texas is a part of the South—in the sense that Texas shares a common heritage and outlook that differs from the North-east or Middle West or Far West.

That Southern heritage gave

me a feeling of belonging and a sense of continuity. But it also created certain parochial feelings that flared up defensively whenever Northerners described the South as "a stain on our country's democracy."

These were emotions I took with me to the Congress when I voted against six civil rights bills. At that time I simply did not believe that the legislation, as written, was the right way to handle the problem. Much of it seemed designed more to humiliate the South than to help the black man.

Beyond this, I did not think there was much I could do as a lone Congressman from Texas. One heroic stand and I'd be back home, defeated, unable to do any good for anyone, much less the blacks and the underprivileged. Before I became Majority Leader, I did not have the power.

I was part of America growing up—an America that accepted distinctions between blacks and whites as part and parcel of life, whether those distinctions were the clear-cut, blatant ones of the South or the more subtle, invidious ones practised in the North. This was an America misled by a mask of submissiveness and good nature that hid the deep despair inside the hearts of millions of black Americans.

So there was nothing I could say to Gene. His problem was also mine: as a Texan, a Southerner, and an American.

All these attitudes began to change in the mid-1950s and early 1960s. I felt the need for change as Majority Leader when I led the Senate fight for the Civil Rights Act of 1957. We obtained only half a loaf in that fight, but it was an essential half-loaf, the first civil rights legislation in 82 years.

I felt the need for change as Vice President when as chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, I came face to face with the deep-seated discrimination that afflicts our

entire economic system, North and South.

I felt the need for change in the spring of 1963 when events in Birmingham, Alabama, showed the world the glaring contrast between the restraint of the black demonstrators and the brutality of the white policemen. I reflected these feelings at Gettysburg on May 30, 1963, when I spoke at Memorial Day services commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

One hundred years ago, the slave was freed. One hundred years later, the Negro remains in bondage to the colour of his skin. The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer him—we do not answer those who lie beneath this soil—when we reply to the Negro by asking, "Patience."

But nothing makes a man come to grips more directly with his conscience than the Presidency. In that house of decision, the White House, a man becomes his commitments. He understands who he really is.

He learns what he genuinely wants to be. So it was for me. When I sat in the Oval Office after President Kennedy died and reflected on civil rights, there was no question in my mind as to what I would do. I knew that, as President and as a man, I would use every ounce of strength I possessed to gain justice for the black American. My strength as President was then tenuous—I had not been elected to that office. But I recognised that the moral force of the Presidency is often stronger than the political force. I knew that a President can appeal to the best in our people or the worst.

Even the strongest supporters of President Kennedy's civil rights Bill in 1963 expected parts of it to be watered down in order to avert a Senate filibuster.

I made my position unmistakably clear: We were not prepared to compromise in any way. "So far as this Admini-

stration is concerned," I told a Press conference, "its position is firm." I wanted absolutely no room for bargaining.

Another important consideration was that my old friend, the Southern legislative leader, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, should understand my unyielding position, even though it would force him and the other opponents of the Bill to go for all or nothing.

One could not persuade Senator Russell by sweet talk, hard talk, or any kind of talk. He respected action, not words.

As a friend who knew me well, he recognized that I would not accept a watered-down, ineffective bill. On January 24 1964, Senator Russell publicly acknowledged that fact:

"I have no doubt that [the President] intends to throw the full weight of his powerful office and the full force of his personality—both of which are considerable—... to secure passage of this programme. ... Although I differ—and differ vigorously—with President Johnson on this so-called civil rights question ... I expect to support the President just as strongly when I think he is right as I intend to oppose him when I think he is wrong."

These few words shaped the entire struggle. It would be a fight to total victory or total defeat without appeasement or attrition. The battle would be fought with dignity and perhaps with sorrow, but not with anger or bitterness. We would win, by securing closure, which sets a time limit on debate, thus precluding a filibuster; or we would lose.

One man held the key to the entire struggle. It would be a fight to total victory or total defeat without appeasement or attrition. The battle would be fought with dignity and perhaps with sorrow, but not with anger or bitterness. We would win, by securing closure, which sets a time limit on debate, thus precluding a filibuster; or we would lose.

I gave to this fight everything I had in prestige, power, and commitment. At the same time, I deliberately tried to tone down my personal involvement in the daily struggle so that my colleagues on the Hill could take tactical responsibility—and credit; so that a hero's niche could be carved out for Senator Dirksen, not me.

As the debate continued, a new and disturbing element of public opinion came into play. Governor George Wallace of Alabama had declared himself a candidate for President and had entered the Democratic primaries in Indiana, Maryland, and Wisconsin with an emotional campaign of opposition to civil rights and a thinly veiled racial call for law and order. Most analysts predicted that he would receive 10 per cent of the vote; his actual totals more than tripled that prediction.

In this critical hour Senator Dirksen came through, as I had hoped he would. He knew his country's future was at stake. He knew what he could do to help. He knew what he had to do as a leader. On June 10 he took the floor of the Senate to say:

"The time has come for equality of opportunity in sharing in government, in education, and in employment. ... America grows. America changes."

With this speech, Dirksen sounded the death knell for the Southern strategy of filibuster. For the first time in history the Senate voted cloture on a civil rights Bill. The battle was over. The Bill was assured of passage.

Three weeks later the Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the most sweeping civil rights measure enacted in the twentieth century.

I signed the Bill in the East Room of the White House. My thoughts went back to the afternoon a decade before when there was absolutely nothing I could say to Gene Williams, or to any black man, or to myself. That had been the day I first realised the sad truth: that to the extent Negroes were imprisoned, so was I. On July 2, 1964, I knew the positive side of that same truth: that to the extent Negroes were free, really free, so was I. And so was my country.

THERE WAS AN OLD SAYING, "The kids is where the money ain't," which summed up one of the major problems confronting the American educational system when I became President. By the 1960s the public schools were in a state of crisis, beset by problems that had been multiplying since World War II. Classrooms were overcrowded. Teaching staffs



Lady Bird "touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country."

were undermanned and underpaid.

The impact was heaviest in the neighbourhoods of the poor, where the need was greatest. Six out of every tenth grade in those areas could be expected to drop out of high school. The consequences for the country were frightening. Federal aid was urgently needed to avert disaster.

Presidents had been trying to provide federal aid to the schools since the days of Andrew Jackson. None had succeeded.

Three formidable barriers had blocked every effort. One stumbling block had been the issue of granting federal aid to segregated school systems. But the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which prohibited grants of federal funds to any segregated institution or activity, now minimised this problem.

The other two objections—fear of Government control of the schools and the issue of Church and State—were still strongly entrenched.

The dispute over federal assistance to parochial schools had wrecked President Kennedy's education plan. As a Catholic, he was sensitive to the opposition to federal aid for parochial schools. The Bill he proposed in 1961 requested money only to help pay teachers' salaries and to build classrooms in public schools.

But in considering the views of one group of Americans, he irritated another. The Catholics opposed legislation which ignored their needs. An alliance of Catholic Congressmen and traditional foes of Federal aid defeated three education Bills.

I saw three paths I might take. First, I could forget the whole thing. A number of people, both in Congress and on my staff, warned me to avoid the subject. But I thought that as a Protestant I might have more flexibility than President Kennedy. Moreover, I felt intense concern. As a young schoolteacher more than three decades before, I had represented the teachers before the Texas Legislature. I knew what "school" meant for hundreds of thousands of boys and girls: crowded facilities,

double shifts, overworked and often undertrained instructors.

The second choice open to me was to present school legislation that might reopen the emotional wounds which had caused so much antagonism and pain in the past. This route promised to be self-defeating.

Third, I could try to blunt the controversy and obtain the legislation simultaneously. Clearly this approach was preferable. Throughout the government we began to search for the formula that would both override the church-state issue and minimise the fear of federal control. We found it in a simple equation:

$$\begin{array}{l} A \\ - \times B = P \\ 2 \end{array}$$

where A represented a state's average expenditure per pupil, B the number of poor schoolchildren in a local school district, and P the payment to that district.

Making the educational grants directly to the states would, we hoped, reassure doubters that the Federal Government would not endeavour to take over local school boards. The Catholics seemed likely to be satisfied, because children in parochial schools would also benefit.

As we were hammering out the programme, we were also developing a strategy to overcome congressional obstacles. I resolved to put the entire power and prestige of the Presidency behind it.

Opposition was too strong to vanish overnight. The Catholics were maintaining a wary stance, backing the Bill quietly but threatening to oppose it openly if a provision was added permitting a constitutional test of aid to private schools. A convention of B'nai B'rith voiced concern a few days after I had addressed it. Southerners were afraid their poor rural districts would not fare as well as Northern urban ghettos.

But slowly, in curious ways, opposition melted. Billy Graham came to see me one day while the issue was still before the Congress, and we went for a swim in the White House pool. A call came in from a prominent—and irate—Baptist leader who wanted to complain about what he considered the unfair advantage we were giving the Catholics in the legislation. Bill Moyers, a former Baptist preacher, who had worked long and effectively on the Bill, took the call. After listening to the man's objections, he explained that I was in the swimming pool, but that he could have the call transferred.

"Is he really swimming at this time of day?" came the indignant response.

Bill explained that I was swimming with Dr Graham. "There was a pause on the other end of the wire. 'Is that with our Billy?'"

Moyers said that it was, but that he was sure I would not mind being interrupted to take the phone call.

"Oh, no, no," the caller re-

plied. "Just give the President my very warm regards."

On Sunday, April 11, I signed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act into law.

I signed it in the one-room schoolhouse near Stonewall, Texas, where my own education had begun. I asked my first teacher, Mrs Kathryn Deadrich Loney—"Miss Kate"—to come back from California to sit by my side as I signed the bill. Present too were other students of hers, and mine. For me, a pattern had come full circle in the course of 50 years. My education had begun with what I learned in that schoolroom. Now what I had learned and experienced since that time had brought me back to fulfil a dream.

"As President of the United States," I said on that occasion, "I believe deeply that no law I have signed or will ever sign means more to the future of America." But perhaps the Bill's impact was summed up best in the words of a boy from a poor family in Iowa. "Happiness," he said, "is two teachers so you can be helped when you need it."

IF THERE HAD BEEN no education crisis when I became President, if justice had already been extended to our black citizens, if poverty in our national life had been only a memory, I would have been content to be simply a conservation President. My deepest attitudes and beliefs were shaped by a closeness to the land, and it was only natural for me to think of preserving it. I wanted to continue the good work begun by Theodore Roosevelt, who broke through the barrier characterised by Speaker Joe Cannon's immortal words: "Not one cent for scenery." I wanted, as I once expressed it, to leave to future generations "a glimpse of the world as God really made it, not as it looked when we got through with it."

In the 1960s I had to be concerned not only with the preservation of land but also with the people who lived in the crowded cities.

What could the beauty of our continent mean to them if that beauty was too far away to be enjoyed? I wanted a new kind of conservation that would bring national parks within reach of more people.

A memorandum I received toward the end of my Administration from Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall stated: "These have been good years for the cause of conservation."

I believe that assessment will stand the test of time. So too will the work done by a concerned and compassionate woman. I believe that Lady Bird Johnson touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country.

By the 1960s conservation embraced more than the preservation of land. I have flown through the layers of filthy air above Los Angeles. I have seen the oily slime of the Hudson and the Potomac rivers. And I found such experiences repugnant, as perhaps only a man who grew up knowing nature at its cleanest could.

Today almost everyone is conscious of the threat of pollution. A few years ago the prevailing idea was that pollu-

tion, however deplorable, had to be lived with.

One of the important conservation measures I recommended to the Congress was the Water Quality Act, which required all states to set anti-pollution standards. Congress passed that Act in 1965, and when I affixed my signature to it, I said: "Today we begin to be masters of our environment." The Congress passed five other major anti-pollution measures, aimed at cleaning not only the water but the air.

If we are serious about making our country habitable, we must begin to devote a proportionate amount of our resources and our ingenuity to reversing the tide of pollution we have created. We need a science of "preventive engineering," similar to preventive medicine. We must be prepared to shoulder the enormous costs this will entail.

There is another challenge we face. We must recognise that in ways both subtle and serious we have disturbed the delicate balance in nature.

The first time Lady Bird and I took a vacation together after we left the White House, we went to Mexico. Lady Bird got into a conversation with a young scientist who had been assigned the job of eradicating mosquitoes and flies in a Mexican village. He and his fellow workers sprayed the community liberally with a powerful insecticide. They got rid of the insects, but in the process they also eliminated all the cats. Now the village is overrun with rodents.

That experience reminded me of a story about an atomic scientist who was walking through the woods one day with a friend when he saw a small turtle. He thought that his children would be delighted to have a new pet, so he picked it up and started home with it. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the turtle, and retraced his steps. He put the turtle back on the ground. His friend asked him why. He answered: "It just struck me that perhaps, for one man, I have tampered enough with the universe."

We cannot hope to put all the turtles back where we found them. We are committed to a technological society that has created imbalances. But the lessons of the past should convince us that the turtles of the future should be picked up only with the greatest of care. © 1971 by NEA Public Affairs Foundation.

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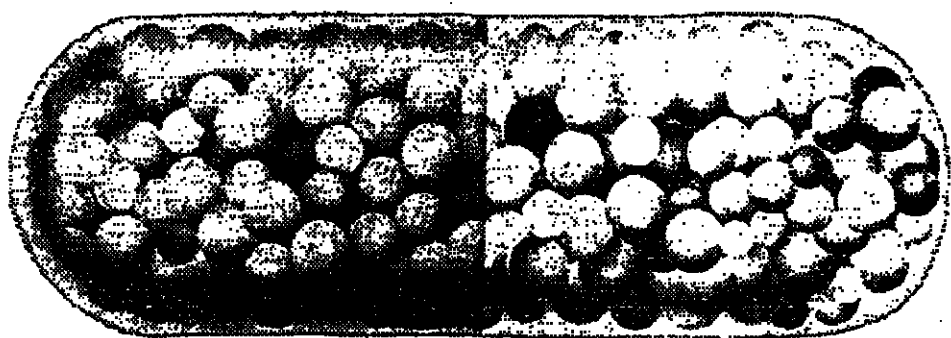
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A NATION'S WILL TO WAR

LAURENS VAN DER POST, discussing a controversial study of Japan's Emperor, points to the need for a fresh look at the dark roots of history

fumbles for a piece of paper in his pocket and reads out a poem by his grandfather, the great Emperor Meiji.

All the seas everywhere
Are brothers one to another.
Why do the winds and waves of strife
Rage so violently through the world?

More serious still is Mr Bergamini's tendency to isolate Japan from the main stream of the history of the contemporary world. The Germans may well make too much of their concept of a *Zeitgeist*, but it does exist and has a profound relationship with the underground level of history. Mr Bergamini certainly could have done with a liberal helping of it; and would have made more of the Russo-Japanese war.

Up to that moment, the great European empires, who had imposed themselves so brutally upon the peoples of



Hirohito as Regent in 1926

Asia, had appeared almost like omnipotent gods. But after the shattering and unpredictable defeat of Russia, the European spell was broken for good and everywhere in the basements of Asian imagination, the forces were massing to deliver the East from the Europeans' paralytic grasp.

The Japanese impulse from then on to assert themselves as the Europeans had asserted themselves grew great and terrible through some telepathy of communication with the unuttered longing of millions of fellow Asians to see them succeed. There was no rational reaction. Of course there were men of reason who tried desperately to use the forces of unreason let loose by the conflict and interconflict of the powers and

cultures of West and East. But in the end the forces of unreason had their irrational way even with the most powerful and rational of their leaders.

What happened to Japan was closely akin to what was happening in Mussolini's Italy and above all Hitler's Germany. I first knew Japan before Mr Bergamini did. I was there in 1926 for a brief moment just before the regent Hirohito became Emperor. Even then I was startled by the extent to which the Japanese already were possessed by an extra-territorial spirit, strange extra-territorial emotions, even more than extra-territorial ideas, as well as by striking trance-like elements in their behaviour. I met on their faces for the first time then the look, and observed in their minds and bodies the strange, puppetlike movements that were to terrify me later in the German masses at that Twilight-of-the-Gods Nuremberg rally.

More even than the German people the Japanese went the way fate pointed, like men walking in their sleep. Hirohito was no ruler. The Emperors have never ruled Japan. There have always been others to do this dusty work for them. They have always pre-eminently been the continuity of Japan and were only brought out into the light of the common day when some cataclysm of history faced the Japanese with the challenge of renewing themselves.

My own feeling is that in a nation of sleep-walkers the Emperor suffered from bouts of insomnia. He had an awareness of the disaster into which his nation was plunging, knew he was powerless to avert it, but by some intuition of the real meaning of history, more compelling than Mr Bergamini's

held himself apart for the moment when, all Japan's mythological passion spent, he could offer himself as a rallying point for a reintegration of his shattered nation.

Living on their thin-skinned earth, perpetually ravaged by earthquake, fire, typhoon and tidal wave, the Japanese have found in disaster a source of renewal as no other people in the world. When the Japanese military general Araki told George Bernard Shaw: "An earthquake for us is both a catastrophe and a form of religious enlightenment for the national spirit," he was uttering in jest a great Japanese truth.

Whatever the economic factors, and they were considerable, I believe that in the heart of its ancient darkness Japan went the terrible way it went because only disaster on a cosmic scale could cut the cord which tied it to the negative aspects of history, and free it for renewal in an idiom appropriate to this harsh, modern world.

That is why all my Japanese friends, young and old, tend to speak of the last war not as of a war so much as "our revolution." Ultimately war and revolution are two sides of the same, terrible, counterfeit coin. Both are amply discredited patterns of an attempt to escape from what is one-sided and inadequate in a given state of spirit and society. If the modern world is ever to see war and revolution for the bankrupt phenomena they are, the whole of its history must be re-appraised and revalued.

It is not because Mr Bergamini's approach lacks sincerity and good intentions that I find it so disappointing, but because, more than a generation after Hiroshima, he contributes nothing to the wholeness of our vision of a chain of events which we have all, not least of all his own great country, darkened with the shadow of our own unknowing and lack of understanding of man and the meaning of history.

AFTER READING the 1,081 picturesque pages of David Bergamini's *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy* (Heinemann £4.50) with unfailing interest, I yet put it down dismayed. It is, after all, seventy-three years since Lord Acton called for a vision of history that would not be "a mere rope of sand" and "a burden on memory" but "continuous" and an "illumination of the soul." He did so out of a profound intuition that historians had failed all our desperate yesterdays by not realising that history progresses on two levels.

There is a manifest level, on which its processes can be observed, documented and apparently accounted for in conscious and rational terms. On that level it appears as a pattern evolved by unusual men inflicting their concepts on more or less passive masses of people.

But there is another, more profound level, a sort of underworld of the human condition where, silent and unobserved, vast, neglected and un-understood forces of the human spirit accumulate rather as lava accumulates at the roots of a great volcano and one day suddenly erupts to overwhelm the apparently well-ordered and conscious scene.

It is perhaps just possible that once upon a time the manifest level may have been all-important. But for centuries now there have been too many cataclysmic invasions of the conscious human spirit from this underworld of history for us to go on ignoring the fact that it is this other level now which demands all our powers of penetration and interpretation.

One has only to think of the French Revolution which subjected vast areas of Europe to shattering forces of unreason for generations, to realise how futile the norms of the manifest are for interpreting so cataclysmic an event. Since then, the eruptions have increased in number and power as they have widened in scale. The First World War, revolution in Russia,

revolution in China, the Germany of Hitler, the Italy of Mussolini, the Japan of Hirohito, the Second World War and a whole world scene in one way or another today in a state of spiritual and social eruption, all show how the sinister process continues and accelerates.

Therefore, to go on recording the contemporary scene purely in terms of its surface manifestations is like describing the convulsions, noting the phases of delirium and hallucination of a sick person with a total disregard of the causes of his affliction and the fact that an epidemic of the same sickness has laid almost all his neighbours low. But this precisely is the tendency of Mr Bergamini's work.

Although he says that he has had "the awe and pleasure" of knowing the Japanese all his life, he sees them as rational men engaged in conscious conspiracy, first to lead Japan to war and then, in defeat, to obscure the fact that all along their Emperor had been the mastermind of the conspiracy.

He is committed to a description of Japanese history which is incomplete, biased and determined to press a charge. It is all the sadder because his work is based on years of dedicated, original and wide-ranging research. Moreover his book has an immensely valuable fall-out of new information and special insights implicit in the fact that Mr Bergamini, born in Japan, loves the country.

Yet even his self-restricted brief in terms of the manifest level of history is utterly unconvincing. The methods used to indict Hirohito are at times more enthusiastic than fair. Take for instance his account of the Emperor's fateful meeting with the supreme command when war was made inevitable. It is a moving, quintessentially tragic Japanese moment, as the Emperor



Allen Jones in his new studio at Chelsea: the exhibition of his watercolours and graphics, which opened last week at Marlborough Graphics, will be reviewed by John Russell next week

FRANK STELLA'S show at the Hayward Gallery last year was not exactly the talk of the town, in terms of attendance; our silent majority returned a wordless "No" to Stella's manipulation of what Robert Rauschenberg had just described in the Penguin New Art series as "commercial paint surfaces of shrill pinks, sour reds, electric greens, cool olives and nky indigos."

Blandishments of this sort play no part in Stella's new work, which is now on view at Kamin's. It consists of wooden constructions, summarily carpentered, which hang on the wall like unfinished jig-saw puzzles. Nearest in formal terms to Stella's paintings of 1966, they mark an abrupt disengagement from the seductions of the late 1960s; the colour is glum, the workmanship is no great shakes, the outer surfaces are covered for the most part with what looks like cut-rate clothing material. For all that, these dour and not immediately prepossessing works represent an attempt to conquer in new terms. The patterns of "deadlock and release," which Rauschenberg noted in the series of 1966, find here a new arena, and Stella the man gains in dignity thereby.

It is not easy to be an English artist in what is now called "the middle generation." Terry Frost's art has always been a bluff whole-hearted, uncomplicated affair.

Explorers unbound

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

with no overtones of mystery or reserve and a strong family likeness carried over from year to year. But Frost's new work at the Waddington shows him exploring a whole gamut of fresh possibilities: in the tall thin panels on the right-hand wall, his talents are most strikingly renewed.

A mixed exhibition should ideally be a pudding all plums. We can't quite hope for that in modern times, but I doubt if any other city can show at this moment miscellanies as good as those on view at Agnew's, the Lefevre, Tooth's, the Heim and the Hazlitt. Agnew's and the Lefevre in particular have mustered very well indeed for London, with fine examples of European painting all the way from Lorenzo Monaco (the centre panel of a long-dismantled altarpiece, at Agnew's) to Cézanne's study, at the Lefevre, for the great "Woman with the Coffee-Pot" in the Musée du Jeu de Paume.

Lists are tedious, in this context, and microscopic evocations

merely tantalising; but I cannot resist recommending, in the one case, the two Venetian views, by the 17-year-old Guardi and in the other the figure seated in a landscape and painted by Renoir in 1885; Renoir at that time was concerned to renew the notion of Impressionism, and the chromatic inventions in the landscape-part of this little painting are as dazzling and as arbitrary as anything which Gauguin was later to devise.

The Heim Gallery's "Faces and Figures of the Baroque" stretches its frontiers to include a Christ-figure by Giovanni Bologna at one end, and some neo-classical adaptations of heads by François Duquesnoy at the other. In between, some very distinguished pieces of chamber sculpture dispute for our attention with museum-scale paintings, some of them of a resolved but cheerless character (Pietro Muttoni's "Artemisia Drinking the Ashes of her Husband," for instance). For encouragement on a dark November afternoon,

it is possible to prefer Solimena's symphonic and voluptuous "Zeuxis and the Maidens of Croton" at the Hazlitt.

Tooth's have, finally, a still-life of 1939, by Braque, which brings to a full close the great French tradition of the laden table-top, and one of the most stylish of the paintings done by Boudin in Antwerp in 1871. Boudin didn't care for life in Antwerp—it was expensive, he didn't like the beer, and he had awful headaches—but in spite of everything, he said, "one has to go on pulling one's cart like a poor old horse."

Carl Richards, who died last Tuesday, had an ardent, outgoing nature which made him as much loved, as a man, as he was admired as an artist. Like his fellow-member of the Class of 1903, John Piper, he made a witty and distinctive contribution to the modern movement before 1939; and when Richard Buckle organised the gala performance for the "Save the Titan" fund, four months ago, Richards and Piper were quick to act, once again, while others hummed and hawed. Such large, committed, un-rancorous human beings can ill be spared.

NEWS IN THE ARTS

The Sadler's Wells name game

KENNETH PEARSON

passion. "Now," says Christopher Plummer, "I begin to recognise it in him."

Gollancz's Ivy

GOLLANCZ'S publish a limited edition of the novel of Ivy Compton-Burnett next May. All nineteen of them, excluding Dolores (1911), which was partly written by her brother. But that launching date heralds a stream of books in the Compton-Burnett area. There are in the Gollancz pipeline: an Elizabeth Spriggs biography, a critical study from Hilary Spurling, and Charles Buckhart is editing a collection of essays which includes work by Robert Liddell, Anthony Powell, Angus Wilson, John Betjeman, Raymond Mortimer, Elizabeth Bowen and Edward Saville-West.

Art gallery revolt

FOR THE last six months hardly a week has gone by without invitations to view new art galleries. "We have this old warehouse in the docks," "As a protest against the Old Men of Bond Street," "My view of modern art is hard to describe so they do add up to something. I caught up with last week were worth the detour. Nigel Greenwood, already the owner of a modern gallery in Sloane Gardens, has a place called Space in the most expensive part of town (Old Burlington Street), except that the property tycoon who owns the building let him have it for a peppercorn rent ("bless you, sir"). And Lucy Milton, Belfast-born rebel from the theatre, has opened a gallery in Notting Hill Gate which will exchange its shows with galleries

Telling titles

TALKING OF TITLES, the Great London Arts Association is looking for a name for the mobile theatre unit which should start to tour London boroughs next year. One irreverent gentleman said, how about Spiel's on Wheels? I'm offering Playabout. Any more suggestions? I'll pass them on.

Plummer's Shaw

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER'S brush with the work of Shaw have been few. Captain Brassbound's Conversion and Don Juan in Hell cover them. But Plummer's acquaintance with GBS will smartly intensify. At the end of the month, the actor, now starring in Danton's Death and Amphitryon, 38 at the National Theatre, plays host to a television documentary on the life and works of the Irish playwright. The show, *The Wit and Wisdom of George Bernard Shaw*, will be shot on location in Dublin and is being produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Company in association with the BBC. We'll see it soon enough. Plummer has never had a great deal of regard for Shaw. What he missed in Shaw was dramatic



One of Peter Whitehead's designs for the Sadler's Wells production of Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea*. It opens on November 24. The Queen Mother will attend a gala performance on December 1 in aid of the Wells' benevolent fund for retired employees.

Irish invasion

THE IRISH Georgian Society is to open a London branch. They're the stout-hearted boys who have saved a great deal of Georgian Dublin from the property wreckers, and, unhappily, lost a bit of it as well. The IGS, with its headquarters in the restored Palladian mansion of Castletown, outside Dublin, has been run by Desmond Guinness since it was launched in 1955. (Incidentally, Guinness' book *Irish Houses and Castles*, will be published by Thames and Hudson for the society in a fortnight's time.) There are about 5,000 members with active branches in Boston, Washington and New York. Now Guinness hopes that by opening a chapter in London England's 300 members will be joined by others.

Evans the Song

SIR GERAINT EVANS is soon to hold his first ever public opera master class in London. He's done it in Wales before. "I was at home then," he says. "But this frightens me to death." Evans will be taking the classes at Sadler's Wells Theatre (make sure you get the name right) on December 15 and 16 during the London Opera Centre season. "I hope it doesn't look precocious," says Evans modestly, "but I'm going to make it an enjoyable evening." Just at this moment the opera star is rehearsing six hours a day for the new Figaro, opening at Covent Garden on December 1. From this experience Sir Geraint will draw his material for the open classes. He's never liked masters who have used such occasions to make their students look silly. So this will be a relaxed, genial affair, with some surprise from the audience coaches, and the tickets will cost less than one normally pays.

Musical express

THE TRAIN heading north for the Edinburgh Festival next August 21 will be noisy. Noisier than usual. There will be a band in every coach, ten open coaches, and the tickets will cost less than one normally pays.

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DAVID STOREY'S *The Changing Room* (Royal Court) shows us a couple of hours in the lives of a couple of men—the flash, the serious, the slow-witted, the young, the balding, the taciturn, the easy mixer—come into the changing room. They exchange their civilian clothes for the shorts, the shoulder pads, the jock-straps, and the jerseys that in the north of England on Saturday afternoons are practically the apparatus of war.

The most extrovert of them has just been to a wedding, and smokes a cigar with jocularly aggressive self-satisfaction. Another fusses over the electrical gadgets he has bought for his home. A third—a very neat fellow, this—says nothing about it, but he is conscious that his social status is rising: he is walking out with a schoolteacher. Muscles are flexed. The masseur rubs shoulders and knees with oil. The club chairman tries to be nice, and the cleaner grumbles that the old weather is due to the Russians, and that players are not what they used to be. The referee looks in briefly, tells the men to play to the whistle, hopes that the best team will win. There is a moment of silence. The trainer stands with his head bowed. The ordeal, the trial, the test is about to begin. The men line up and, fresh, vigorous, full of hope—run off into the field, and are greeted by a mighty roar from the crowd. That is the end of the first act.

In the interval I spoke to a young Austrian actor. His voice was full of wonder. "We could not do this in Vienna," he said. "Our actors would look like actors. These players don't look like actors. They look like footballers." It is true. They are directed with staggering authenticity by Lindsay Anderson. Mr Anderson understands these footballers as he understood the workers in Mr Storey's *"The Contractor"*.

It is a miracle of the theatre that he should do so. Mr Anderson's family background is Indian Army; he was born at Bangalore, educated at an English public school, and at the college which the first Earl of Birkenhead thought the most beautiful in Oxford. His convictions may be Socialist, but his temperament is aristocratic. He ought to know nothing about working men. But he comprehends them utterly, and, by his affection—and of course an immense talent—for a society to which, by birth and upbringing, he is quite alien, he once more achieves, with Mr Storey, the triumph of bringing to our stage the true, the stubborn, the incomparable North.

There is no plot in *"The Changing Room"*, but that does not mean that there is no suspense. There is in fact an enormous suspense. We want to know why we want to know quite rightly—who will win. We want to know which of the men will acquit themselves well, and which badly. We want to know how they will bear victory or defeat. All these things, in due time, we are told. They are a great pleasure to the play, but they are not the play's chief pleasure. That is something deeper, more beautiful, and more lasting. Behind the ribbing, and the swearing, and the showing off, the piece is permeated by a Wordsworthian spirit. You can,

WITH Ken Dodd playing Malvolio a line like "Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling" takes on special significance. When he talks of "Quenching my familiar smile" he gets an extra laugh too. He does indeed quench the smile—no easy task in his case—until bidden to be merry by the first Earl of Birkenhead. Then he lets go and the effect is marvellous to see.

But for his trade marks, Mr Dodd might have had a complete success in Liverpool Playhouse's Twelfth Night. All goes exceptionally well until his final scene, when everyone is getting happily coupled off except Malvolio, who has been made to

Storey time

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

If you listen, hear through it "the still, sad music of humanity." At the end of the changing room, like the house of Madame Ransky, is almost deserted. It seems that everyone except the captain and the masseur has gone home. They too are preparing to leave. The darkness is falling. From the baths comes the voice of the cleaner singing. "All people that on earth do dwell." He is an old man, quite behind the times, not of our day at all. The captain and the masseur look at each other, and smile, not unkindly. It is a masterly ending. Every one of the players must be mentioned. I give their names in the order on the programme: Don McKillop, Brian Glover, John Price, David Hill, David Daker, Barry Keegan, Peter Schofield, Warren Clarke, Peter Childs, Alun Armstrong, John Rae, John Barrett, Matthew Guinness, Jim Norton, Edward Judd, Frank Mills, Paul Dawkins, Michael Elphick, Mark McManus, Michael Peel, Geoffrey Hinshelwood, and Brian Lawson. It is a roll of honour. There is a rich sense of being saved," cries Barry Keegan in his *A Liberated Woman* (Greenwich). It is a confused appeal from a confused heart, and it gets an answer that is two-edged. The play which is not at all diminished by the fact that we are never clear whether Mr

Reckord is telling us—like Dumas fits in "Franticion"—that in extra-marital sex there should be the same rule for women as for men, or that there should be no rule at all. He probably does not know: "A Liberated Woman" is not a neat solution to an academic problem, but an unrestrained manifestation of anguish and bewilderment in the face of unresolved and perhaps unresolvable questions of colour, equality, and faithfulness. Guy refuses to his wife Gail the freedom he exercises himself. She speculatively takes what he denies; but the only truly happy person in the play is an exuberantly egocentric black actor (brilliantly played by Randolph Walker) to whom all the moral questions debated since Plato mean less than a single good review.

Such a refuge however is not either for Gail or for Guy, who are both tormented beings, though especially in the way that Mr Reckord's remorselessly destroys all his carefully built-in self-defences. As the distressed, defeated, and determined wife Linda Barings, with her unforgettable, pre-Raphaelite, pale, weary but resolute beauty, is yearningly memorable, an impaled, exquisite butterfly desperately struggling to be free, Mr Reckord himself, as the dramatic Guy, is suitably puzzled, downbeat, and outsmarted. Mr Reckord favours a

freedom of expression which, at the crisis of the play, he inexplicably abandons.

Toby Robertson's Prospect Theatre Company's production of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which is new on tour, is a small, but real enchantment. In a land where it is always afternoon, it is set on a sun-drenched beach, with the men wearing garlands of flowers round their necks, and the girls in long, filmy, hippy dresses, and the women sometimes seem so beautiful that it stops the blood; and the wit sparkles. I would never have believed that a line like "Here comes the noon of the commonwealth" could hold such fun.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, all changes. The Angel of Death is abroad in the land; you can hear the beating of his wings. A tall, swift figure, in absolute black, erupts into this leisurely painted paradise, and cleaves the sunshine. James Snell, as the messenger, appears with such exactly timed speed, and speaks his brief lines with such precision, that the announcement of the death of the King of France extinguishes the light. It is a wonderful effect, wonderfully achieved. Timothy West's *Holmes and the Ladies*, and Bridget Armstrong's delectable *Jacqueline* maintains a happy shimmer of complete non-understanding which is quite irresistible.

Heinrich Henke's *The Painters* (Young Vic Studio), translated by Michael Bullock, is about two men painting pipes in a tunnel. Does this sound dreary? Well, it isn't. Once again Sam Kelly shows his self as an actor to be watched. Seymour Matthews is good, too.

Frank Herrmann



Vinessa Redgrave as Suzie Thistlewood and June Watson as Hannah Smith: two of the conspirators in *"Cato Street"* by Robert Shaw. The play, which is based on the events of the Cato Street Conspiracy of 1820 against the lives of members of the Cabinet, opens at the Young Vic tomorrow.

Dodd's delight

LIVERPOOL □ PHILIP RADCLIFFE

look a fool and treated as mad. Then, as with Shylock ultimately, we should be feeling sympathy, possibly brushing away a tear, but his bedraggled entrance produced laughter. We hear his voice from the cellar, pleading for sanity, but never see him again until his final entrance, which here takes on the significance of the reappearance after a gap of the star comic turn. There was also, of course, much

laughter in the right places, developed after very proper restraint.

Susan Tebbs is an appealing boyish Viola and Teresa Campbell (Maria), Neil Cunningham (Feste) and Brian Coburn (Sir Toby Belch) give good support. Antony Tucker's direction is good and busy and shows comic creation, notably in the letter scene as Belch, Aguecheek and Fabian pop up under behind

the screen as Malvolio reads. Karen Mills' set for all scenes, like a gilt section of a Cathedral vault, lends grandeur if not always credibility.

The production marks imaginatively the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of this delightful little theatre as the Playhouse, although it had started life as the Star Music Hall in 1886. Ken Dodd thus provides an appropriate link. He also joins the list of people who, at first under the late and great William Armstrong, started their acting careers there, which includes Sir Michael Redgrave, Cecil Parker, and Rita Tushingham. Next month it moves confidently on to the world premiere of a new play by Bill Naughton.

TO KNOW what's wrong with Miss World 1971, you only have to watch it with your mind switched on. And more than half of Britain's population seem to have taken the risk last Tuesday, giving the ratings-conscious BBC planners their biggest hit since the last time they showed an old war film on a wet Bank Holiday. It was one long, tatty, plush commercial for the proposition that women are just fibre-glass shells, cosmetic packages, curvaceous garters to decorate the arms of men on a night out. The emphasis was all on eye appeal, on women judged by the standards of some standards when the accepted reaction is a nudge in the ribs, a knowing leer and a throaty growl.

You can tell this by the advance trailers in which the newswriters twinkle and smirk at the very idea of these cute baby darlings prettying themselves up to wheedle extra pocket money out of Big Daddy. By the paraphernalia of the ludicrous "national costumes" (Miss Bahamas dressed as a traffic cop in a tropical gear; Miss Canada a mini-skirted Mountie). By the provincial pantomime rituals (footmen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs; sceptres and orbs and tinsel crowns).

Would Michael Aspel, after all not just a pretty face, dare engage a Mr World in such feeble repartee—such as advising a competitor who admired Yeats to try Rupert Brooke ("He's good fun")? But, then, men would only compete for Mr World and the winner of the tests included some measure of intelligence, courage, will power, idealism as well as physical presence. Miss World may not be degrading to those who take part, but what sort of image does it offer to the women at home as the quintessence of their sex?

It does not even represent genuine sensual appeal, but rather Andy Hardy's pillow fantasy, a parade of Sunday-school pin-ups. Nor does it embody the traditional, old-fashioned accomplishments—the ability to cook and sew while still appearing, with a damp curl and hands gloved in flour, bending over the hot stove, desirable to her home-coming man.

You would not choose a hostess

from an escort agency, or a Bunny Girl, let alone a secretary, let alone a mate on such skinny, unreliable criteria. Yet they have the cheek to call their choice, Miss World. I wish ITV were temporarily elbowing (hipped?) off the nation's screens by following up the careers of some Miss Worlds. It cannot be an enviable fate to be an ex-beauty queen, for those who blossom on their looks, fade with their looks. Do they tour the world in ever-diminishing circles, eventually disappearing into their own vanishing cream?

The apologists for Miss World (very much now on the defensive despite general scorn for last year's Women's Lib demonstrations) usually argue that those who enter do so by free choice. But this would only be true if the mass of women in the world had the alternative, even in their day-dreams, of being prime ministers, millionaires and the rest, to achieve which men dig themselves into early graves. One of several unexpected lessons to be learned from Germaine Greer v. USA (ATV) was that even that liberated lass, with her buzzing brain and a tongue which could clip a hedge, had to boost her look into a best-seller over 12 days by exhibiting her dashing good looks to millions of American viewers. (Would the campaign have been effective, would she have been such a top property, if she had resembled, let us say, Peggy Mount?)

The programme was an eye-dazzler and ear-punner for most of its 60 minutes, due to the ruthlessly sharp control of producer Bridget Segrave and the flashing, snarling of editor Colin Slade. Little of the horror of the American bull-shit machine in top gear was missed—the obsession with the weather, the insistent crooning ads, the higher illiteracy of the pseudo-highbrow jargon used by interviewers, the

WHEN fourteen years ago The Sunday Times, in collaboration with the British Film Institute, created and sponsored the first London Film Festival, the idea was to present the best works from the Continental festivals. The result for those members of the public who managed to get in was a beacon. For the critic there were problems as well as pleasures. Then, and in subsequent years when, The Sunday Times being no longer involved, the same system of choice prevailed.

The best works from the Continent would anyway be shown in London later on, and a distributor generous enough to lend them to the Festival would want them reviewed at the time of general public showing, not months ahead. Thus there was often an understandable embargo on Festival criticism, leaving reviewers to make a few non-committal noises and wait for a chance to let fly later.

This year the organisers offer a selection of work by new directors. The great or the familiar names, of course, are represented—Oshichiwa and Satyajit Ray for instance; Kozintsev with *King Lear*; Janaco with his hypnotic *Confession*; Agnès Varda with *Bresson with Four Nights of a Dreamer*, his hallucinatory version of Dostoevsky's *White Nights*; Makavev with *Mysteries of the Body*, at once serious and hilarious; Warhol with the celebrated (and banned) *Trash*; and I look forward eagerly to a first view of Tati's *Traffic*, which tomorrow opens the ball. But it is which for the past fortnight has been driving me to the Press shows at the National Film Theatre. And with the newcomers there is no embargo.

One's first impression is of gloom. I don't mean that the tales aren't dark, but that it is generally devoted to the expression of melancholy, bewilderment and the question *Who Am I?*—a question which obsesses the new practitioners in the cinema. Nieve Dennis certainly starts something when he wrote *Cards of Identity*. But Mr Dennis was cheerful about it. Nobody is cheerful on the screen.

From the United States comes *Makes a Man of Me*, in which Karen Sperling appears under her village direction as a girl in a Manhattan apartment haunted by spectral rapists and the frequent arrival of Chinese meals she hasn't ordered. Or has she? David von Meckhoff is about a young German making an allegorical journey, via the sexual games of

The iron Duke

DEREK JEWELL

THERE'S ONE anecdote in the newest, and very entertaining, book on Duke Ellington which nicely reminds us that though he's a genius, he is also a workaday band leader, and his companions are workaday musicians, too. Billy Strayhorn reveals that the famous "Take the 'A' Train" was named as a reminder to dozens of 145th Street and upwards in New York that they didn't ride the subway train, but mistakenly took the "D," they'd end up at the Polo Grounds instead of 200th Street.

Thus titles of classics-to-be are coined in the pressurised hustle which is the big-band life on the road. Thus, too, those who over-fantasise the life-style of genius may be shaken to hear that Duke loves playing for an Elks dance just as much as in solemn concert at Carnegie Hall. Ellington himself is the most avid deflator of his own image as an artist. "Too much talk stinks up the place," as he once said.

The book in question is *The World of Duke Ellington* by Stanley Dance (Macmillan £3.50, 290p), and despite his excellent writing it must be said that (like much writing on Ellington) it's as significant for what it doesn't reveal as for what it does. Ellington, cool and elegant, using

sophisticated irony, has conducted a skilful defensive action for years to stop us knowing too much about the man within.

Mostly the story is told through mini-autobiographies of around thirty of Ellington's brilliant long-service associates—Harry Carney, Billy Strayhorn, Cat Anderson and the rest. This in itself is a fascinating process, not only for the affection the book reveals they have for their leader—most rare, since geniuses do not usually love other geniuses—but also for their surprising frankness.

Here is Russell Procope explaining how Duke is hustler and disciplinarian ("an iron hand in a mink glove"). Or Willie Cook talking about arguments with him over pay. Or Toby Hardwick saying, without rancour, that Duke "very swiftly started using 'we'" when referring to the band, in the royal not the collective sense.

Some, if not all, of Ellington's flavour comes through. Once, when unexpectedly he didn't get the prestigious American award, he said: "They don't want me too famous too young." Who, asks Toby Hardwick, could top that? Who indeed.

friend of the bowls-mad young man, in Arthur Hoppercraft's *The Panel* (Granada). The difficulty of writing TV plays is that they can rarely escape from being an anecdote. The situation is set, then the spokes radiating outwards are explored, before returning to the hub again.

Mr Hoppercraft skilfully contained his plot within its limitations, creating a strange and convincing world, populated by characters who had forgotten they were actors and actresses. The submerged personality of the apprentice bowler, more drawn, like a fatherless little boy, to the old men than to the sport, rose to the surface without any glitzy recourse to a paperback psychology. (Director Leslie Woodhead, producer Peter Eckersley.)

One of the great lacks of television is contact with minds and sensibilities which stretch and strain your own mental equipment. How self-pated do you need to be to sit through the present infestation of family comedies, with stereotype hubblys and wives, apparently supporting upper-middle-class mansions by lower-middle-class jobs involved in stock dilemmas? It is almost a generation now since Arnold Wesker and Joan Littlewood showed us that working-class people have just as dramatic, funny and relevant splendours and miseries. But the comic relief, now only inflated to the comic prose, as low farcical protagonist, in comic-strip series like *On The Buses* (London Weekend), (If such a travesty was presented of blacks, the Race Relations Board would be invoked.) It is with immense relief to find one haven. Writers in search of a bright, bright, concerned people are encouraged to talk, not just off the top of their heads, but from deep at the back. So far we have had Richard Hoggart and Jonathan Miller, one whose reluctant, slow, tentative argument seemed built upon deeply-felt, painfully won convictions, the other whose fluent, imagistic eloquence allowed for constant possibility of alternative insights. But both powerful, abrasive, antidotes to rust of the brain. (Producer, Julian Jebb.)

Gloomspan

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL



Don Stroud takes aim in Roger Corman's new film about von Richthofen, *"The Red Baron"*, which opens at the London Pavilion on Thursday

a Nazi-type business man and the comatose lives of drug addicts, towards some unexplained goal; you must, he keeps on insisting, know who you are. But as with the American film nobody, least of all the audience, ever finds that out. Even a more comprehensive piece from Australia, *A City's Child* (director Brian Kavanagh), leaves one for a while uncertain whether the shrinking middle-aged woman who talks to her dolls and cradles a plaster baby has a real or an imaginary lover. The performance of Monica Maughan gives the story some kind of solidity; but one still longs for recognisable people behaving recognisably.

That is why I find the Greek contribution *The Reconstruction* (director Theodor Angelopoulos) satisfying. Based on an actual Greek murder case, it is about a village woman who conspires with her lover to kill her husband on his return from work in Germany. The pair have a not unintelligent plan for getting out of the country. But the man is recognised on the way; they go back to the village; neighbours and police intervene and try by

reconstructing the scene to get at the truth.

Not often can one honestly say a film appears life-like—the characters behaving and talking as characters in their situation would behave and talk, the background unobtrusively accurate. Here the gritty black-and-white in which the story is shot gives precisely the sense of some dark, stubborn, dying northern village on a foggy black mountain-shaded day; and it is in just such a setting—for a woman in really is a prison setting—that murderous passion will explode. This is not the gentle Greece which the visitor sees, it is the Greece of antique tragedy, and for that everything looks right, feels right—not least the underlying reproach on the score of neglect, isolation, miserable poverty.

And a Canadian film, *Goin' Down the Road*. This is astonishingly accomplished, more accomplished than the Greek piece, though personally I miss the pleasures of recognition. Two young men set off by car for Toronto. They leave passable jobs in Nova Scotia for the dream of better jobs, easy money, the

rich life; one sees them momentarily successful, then sliding into unemployment, squalor, crime. The playing, subtle beneath its aggressive surface, of Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley brilliantly conveys the fecklessness, the drifting stupidity of the pair; and we are surely going to hear more of the director Donald Shebib.

The picture of urban Canada is less than exhilarating; but then, as I say, the new generation of directors don't aim to encourage. Though perhaps one could make an exception of Robert Kaylor, whose roller derby is a documentary, original in that as a filmmaker he aims to show the American sport of bashing one another about on roller skates, but at least communicating the sportsman's pride in their accomplishment. The hero, a young man with a good job, has no higher ambition than to chuck it and train to skate and bash; and a leading exponent is proudly Yoko Ono during whose performance other participants an amateur appearance by John Lennon is embarrassing, especially since the climax is a long series of soliloquies and screams from the off-screen silence, the audience has very sensibly gone home.

Outside the Festival little to praise except a straightforward Western on release, *Hannie Caulder* (director Sam Kennedy) but after the confident though ear-splitting professionalism of other participants an amateur appearance by John Lennon is embarrassing, especially since the climax is a long series of soliloquies and screams from the off-screen silence, the audience has very sensibly gone home.

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And no birds swing

SEX AND MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND TODAY by Geoffrey Gorer
Nelson £2.95

ANTHONY STORR

THIS statistical survey of attitudes towards marriage and various aspects of sexuality deserves careful study by anyone interested in the current social scene in Britain: not least by those who talk glibly of the "permissive society" and the promiscuity of youth.

Mr Gorer's piece of research is notable for several unusual features. First, it was undertaken largely as a comparison. In 1950, Mr Gorer collected and later published, in *Exploring English Character* (Cresset Press), the views of a large number of volunteers upon marriage, love, sex, and allied topics. The present survey would, it was hoped, tend to show whether attitudes had really altered, and if so, in what respects. Second, whereas most surveys are at least partially invalidated by being weighted heavily by a preponderance of highly educated volunteers, this one insisted upon a stratified random sample taken from electoral registers in one hundred parliamentary constituencies ranging right through every social class.

The sample was confined to those under 45; and nine hundred and forty-nine men and one thousand and thirty-seven women were interviewed. In addition to those on electoral registers, 150 persons too young in 1969 to be thus listed were also interviewed. The questions were asked by experienced interviewers from Opinion Research Centre; and the results studied and written up by Mr Gorer.

This will obviously become an important source book for all students of British society. There are so many interesting findings that a reviewer cannot possibly discuss all of them. All one can do is to draw attention to some of the more striking and perhaps surprising discoveries. The middle-class, liberal, intellectual Londoner is far from being a typical Englishman; and he may well be astonished to learn that 88 per cent of women, and 46 per cent of men marry the person with whom they first have sexual intercourse.

Moreover, even among the very young, the notion that premarital sexual experience is likely to be beneficial is far from universally held, although there has certainly been some shift of opinion in that direction. There is some evidence to support the idea that heterosexual interest starts earlier than heretofore, in line with the supposed earlier onset of puberty. Twenty-one per cent of men, and 18 per cent of women think most people don't "really fall in love".

but 40 per cent of men and 34 per cent of women thought a woman could be "in love" with two men at once; and 30 per cent of all the respondents thought a man could be in love with two women simultaneously. Being "in love," or rather what people consider this condition to be, is clearly something to be further investigated. I suspect that what Freud called "the psychosis of normal people" is a very much rarer condition than is commonly supposed.

There has been a marked change in the attitude to material circumstances. Prosperity and possessing a home of one's own is taken much more for granted than it was in 1950; so much so that Mr Gorer notes "the virtual disappearance of material circumstances as essential to a happy marriage." In spite of this, men still maintain a conspiracy of silence about their incomes, so that more than one wife in six who receives a housekeeping allowance does not know what her husband earns. Males are much more secretive about their incomes than about their sexual habits.

Kinsey's findings, hitherto the accepted text for much sexual behaviour, are questioned in several places. It seems doubtful whether sexual activity declines with age as much as Kinsey supposed; nor are the latter's very high figures for homosexual involvement borne out. Only 3 per cent of men and 3 per cent of women in Gorer's sample admitted being attracted by their own sex, whereas Kinsey found that no less than 37 per cent of males, and 28 per cent of females acknowledged homosexual arousal. The new figures are probably an underestimate; but Kinsey's certainly require more validation than has hitherto been forthcoming.

The most disturbing findings in this new survey relate to birth control. The majority of the unmarried who are having intercourse do not regularly use any form of contraception, and those who do use methods which are old-fashioned and comparatively inefficient. Almost a quarter of each sex expressed revulsion towards homosexuality rather than tolerance, compassion or understanding.

All in all, this is a picture of an extremely conventional society; chaste, limited, prejudiced; serious and dull. Lord Longford, Malcolm Muggeridge and Mrs Whitehouse have evoked the perfect no-risk plan which will allow you to give your family one of the world's most respected encyclopaedias at half the price you could pay for comparable encyclopaedias.



Statue of Quintin Hogg, founder of the London Polytechnic and grandfather of the present Lord Chancellor, in Langham Place, W.1. The picture is taken from "On Public View" by Paul William White, with photographs by Richard Gloucester (Hutchinson £8), about open-air sculptures in London.

An uncivil servant

THE DIARIES OF SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN 1938-1945
edited by David Dilks/Cassell £6 pp 881

WOODROW WYATT

IT WAS the Prince de Condé who is supposed to have said first that no man is a hero to his valet, upon which Hegel added the gloss "That is true not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet." Hegel's point has never been better illustrated than by these diaries.

Sir Alexander Cadogan was Deputy Under Secretary at the Foreign Office in 1936 and Permanent Under Secretary from January 1938 until 1945 when he became Britain's Permanent Representative at the United Nations Organisation.

Among his distinguished political masters he had the reputation of being a paragon of a British Civil Servant. He did not return the compliment.

Despite his clerical skills and his efficiency as a courteous smoother Cadogan was a truly second-rate man. On the major issues his judgment was too often wrong, he had no originality and his mind was cramped, to the point of caricature, in the conventional myopic mould of his class. Obviously he never got over his resentment at being the poor younger son of a rich earl and forced to make his living among men he regarded as his inferiors either in birth or capacity.

He does not disdain to sneer predictably at Iloré, Belshazzar (whom he calls Horeb) when he was sacked from the War Office and nearly made Minister of Information.

"This is blinding and exquisitely funny," I hadn't time to get my breath, but on thinking it over came to the conclusion that Jew control of our propaganda would be a major disaster.

But Mr David Dilks, who has made a beautiful job of linking, editing, commenting on and presenting these diaries has not wasted his time. Of course they are of interest. The informed malice of those who have served the famous is always of interest. It is the best gossip column of them all.

Why did Cadogan meticulously keep his voluminous diaries? To add to history? No. After Churchill's, and everybody else's, history of the war, "it seemed to me that the chronicle had been fully compiled."

Correct. There are a few

nugs here and there. Eden wrote on the eve of becoming Viceroy of India "In November, 1941. He would have enjoyed it but it wouldn't have changed history. Independence, Kashmir, Bangla Desh and the China-Pakistan confrontation with Russia-India would still have happened."

Cadogan was not concerned with such speculation. He was concerned with himself, the distant, disinterested godlike figure to all the miserable men he had to serve. "What cattle these politicians are. And what moral cowards."

Silly old Halifax evoked such speculation. But, with Neville Chamberlain, he admired him the most. Certainly he finishes with the obligatory anthems of praise to Churchill—to have omitted them would have ruled him out of serious consideration.

Yet, on May 8, 1940, "N. Chamberlain, the best PM in sight. The only alternative is Halifax. Winston useless." Not a momentary aberration. When Churchill is Prime Minister he is "too rambling and romantic and sentimental and temperamental, old Neville still the best of the lot." As late as March, 1942, the diarist records, "Poor old PM in a sour mood and a bad way. I fear he's played out."

The same thought did not come to his mind when he wrote of Chamberlain preparing for Munich at the end of September, 1938—"he was completely horrified"—he was quite calmly for total surrender. Or was he equally defeatist in his heart? Maybe he sympathised with Samuel Hoare, made ambassador to Spain in May, 1940, of whom he writes, "Dirly little dog has got the wind up and wants to get out of the country."

What is the difference from his own sentiments (May 21, 1940), "only a miracle can save us; otherwise we're done"; and (May 31, 1940) "Went with Theo (his wife) to choose rugs. Just as well to give away Treasury notes, which will be worth nothing, for goods of value."

It is no surprise that he thought the inclusion of the Labour Party in the Government did not strengthen it. He was of generals "our own (including CIGS) are blockheads who cannot learn anything."

Eden, unless doing what Cadogan prescribes, is always jumpy, impetuous, foolish. A typical entry, January 8, 1945:

A. arrives at 12.30. Summons a meeting on Greece at 12.45 (and I am invited to attend at 1.15). What a way of doing business. He strides about the room, gabbling and, at least, can't hear what he says.

Attlee is an "argumentative mouse," and so on for other politicians, commanders and officials.

Vansittart, who saw through and wanted to stand up to Hitler when Chamberlain and Cadogan were duped by him and soaked in appeasement, makes Cadogan froth with frequent written "age and hate. When he was given a peacetime in 1941 Cadogan turned bright green. "A Peacetime? Good god! I must have a dukedom."

Ernest Bevin receives condescending praise because his "sound ideas" enable Cadogan to tutor him. It is traditionally safe for the aristocrat to approve of simple goodhearted labourers and insolence of the diaries do not represent "the real man" and that they are some kind of self-therapy, the safety valve of his genuinely amiable and understanding nature. I do not agree. They represent what Cadogan was thinking all the time as he dealt politely and helpfully with his political chiefs and the rest of them. Despite his hypocritically modest murmurs he always meant his diaries to be published and, characteristically, delayed their appearance till after his death. He wanted us, and posterity, to be convinced that without The Admirable Crichton his inept masters would have floundered to destruction.

Galbraith at large

ECONOMIC PEACE AND LAUGHTER by John Kenneth Galbraith/Andra Deutsch £2.50
ROY HARROD

THIS BOOK is a fascinating mixture of economics, sociology, biography and autobiography. Its serious purpose is shot through with fun and gaiety, and it is full of sly thrusts at the great of this world and at those not so great. It was first published in the USA about six months ago. Since its publication the world has come round in a notable way to the views of Professor Galbraith. In the fifth essay, written in the early summer of 1970, he argues forcefully that it is in vain to hope to check wage-price spiralling by so-called "monetary and fiscal policies"; it is useful to interfere directly with the upward movements of wages and prices, and legal sanctions are, he holds, likely to be required to enforce what may be specified in "guide lines."

The Democratic administration in the USA adopted a voluntary policy with some measure of success before 1968, but then faltered. The Republicans entirely repudiated the idea of such interference. This was the stance of President Nixon, when he was returned in 1968. Monetary and fiscal policies of an anti-inflationary character could be relied on to stop the inflation, and there should be no direct interference with prices and wages. These doctrines were put into practice, and, lo and behold, the inflation became worse than before, while unemployment rose. This gave Professor Galbraith an excellent target for his agile use of his weapons of ridicule.

But then, some four months after this book was published, the colossal world-wide run on the dollar, mounting unemployment and continuing wage inflation imitated President Nixon to reverse his position and to impose a three months' freeze on wages and prices. There has been reference to a "Keynesian" Nixon. This epithet is inappropriate; Keynes did not give consideration to this particular problem. Rather it should be said that President Nixon has become a "Galbraithian." That, however, might be more galling to American Right-wingers than the reference to one, who, although a revolutionary in his day, has now become a respected figure of past history.

It is to be noted that, in a similar change of front, we anticipated the Americans by 27 days (July 19).

Professor Galbraith holds that direct interference with prices is a permanent feature of policy. There are many on both sides of the Atlantic who, while reluctantly acquiescing in interference at present, hold that it is a once-only event required to deal with a special kind of crisis. They fail to explain what is so special about the present crisis or why the full employment policy will not lead to a recurrence of similar situations from time to time.

The essay, however, that is most distinctive of Professor Galbraith is the first, in which he pleads that we should begin giving second place to the production of an ever-increasing flow of material goods, in favour of urban renewal, preservation of the countryside, etc.

There are a number of brilliant short biographies of eminent persons, some with a touch of venom. The one that appeared in the American edition, but is omitted in this, is that of Dean Acheson. Why? It was quite all right. Is there, perhaps, some reason of "security" that an outsider cannot be expected to detect?

And then there are a number of delightful autobiographical pieces. One describes the charming village of Gstaad in Switzerland, where in recent years he has done much of his writing. Another is about "the nicest village in the world"—Newfane in Southern Vermont. The greater part of the book, however, concerns those serious problems of economics and politics that have been perplexing all thinking people during his adult life.

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The Twentieth Century

edited by
Alan Bullock

'A human panorama of the twentieth century... This is a book to own and to go back to'—Asa Briggs, in *The Guardian*. 'The illustrations are magnificent, combining works of art, cartoons and photographs... the selection is wonderfully comprehensive'—*The Daily Telegraph*. 731 illustrations, 234 in colour. 'Great Civilizations'. 14" x 11". £8.40

Thames and Hudson

"THE SLEEP of Reason engenders monsters!" The Goya quote seems particularly apposite today when Pompeian credulity marches hand in hand with the immense advances in exact objective observation. Modern science produces the heat of the sun; modern magic counters with voodoo, black mass, bone-casting, evil eyes, satanism, fortune-telling, the Tarot pack, the I Ching, the Witches Coven, the White Goddess.

Colin Wilson's book is dedicated to Robert Graves who tells him, apropos of *The White Goddess*: "Even when the book was finished, odd things continued to happen. The first publisher who rejected it died of heart failure shortly afterwards. A second rejected it with a rude letter saying he could not make head or tail of it. He dressed himself in women's underwear and hanged himself on a tree in his garden. I knew that 'second publisher' for he was also my own. In fact he died indoors wearing his wife's evening dress; the death may have been accidental. Graves submitted part of 'The White Goddess' to Horowitz. It was accepted by me, or so I believe, but never printed as he reminded me by telegram when I met him twenty years later. This surely puts my life at risk. Much of his recent poetry bears evidence of magical powers though not as great as those of J. C. Powys, whose anger was so potent that he had to make a deliberate effort to forgive each enemy in order not to have their destruction laid at his door.

Crowley is the Picasso of the occult. One cannot pick up a book that doesn't mention him. Paracelsus, Dr Dee, St Germain, Cagliostro, Montagu Summers, pale beside him. He bridges the gap between Wilde and Hitler. I never met him but he sent me a poem after reading 'The Unquiet

Grave." He was probably a humbug, whose vanity, ambition, and intelligence led him to carve out a niche as the wickedest man in the world: there is always room for a sadist at the top. That he was also impecunious and an egomaniacal bore is an occupational risk of Satan's own. Perhaps his ultimate importance is medical. He worked up to eleven grains of heroin a day, enough to kill a roomful of people.

What about his magic? Certainly of no avail in the long run, for he petered out among debts and landladies, having been expelled from both France and Italy in his prime. He had inherited a fortune from brewing, which he spent on globe trotting. As a young man he had nearly conquered Kanchenjunga, where he failed to prevent some fellow climbers from losing their lives. His panic, "Kanchenjunga phobia," haunted him all his life. Crowley undoubtedly knew more about magic than most people. His short story, 'The Strategem,' is truly sinister and deserves to be better known, though most of his writing is florid and self-indulgent.

A harrowing tale of his raising of Pan as recounted by an eyewitness, is told by Dennis Wheatley, but is not mentioned by John Symonds in his life. "Raising the wind" seemed more of a preoccupation, although the supply of rich admirers of both sexes seemed endless. Much of his magic consisted in the dressing out of a very full bisexual existence among rather sordid partners with drugs to help (he was one of the first to experiment with mesocalin). Every orgasm was made part of a ritual. His

Engendering monsters

THE OCCULT by Colin Wilson/Hodder & Stoughton £4.50 pp 601
THE GREAT BEAST, the life and magic of Aleister Crowley by John Symonds/Macdonald £4.75 pp 413
MAGIC SUPERNATURALISM AND RELIGION by Kurt Seligman Allen Lane The Penguin Press £4 pp 342
THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS by Dennis Wheatley/Hutchinson £4.50 pp 302
WHAT WITCHES DO by Stewart Farrar/Peter Davies £2.50
THE TAROT SPEAKS by Richard Gardner/Rigel Press £1.50
THE COMPLEAT ASTROLOGER by Derek and Julia Parker Mitchell Beazley £5.95 pp 256
CYRIL CONNOLLY

downfall came when he invited Betty May, "Tiger woman," an old Egyptian model, out to bed with her husband, Raoul Loveday who had come down from Oxford with a first in history and drifted to the Café Royal underworld. He died in Crowley's "Abbey of Thelema" at Cefalu, probably of typhoid but some of his Oxford friends started an agitation, which was taken up by the Press. There were stories of black magic, infant and animal sacrifices, and Crowley was expelled from Italy. Neither his finances, nor his magic powers completely recovered, and the Great Beast's last thoughts were pathetic.

5.15 pm. Certainly I want heroin; but almost anything else would do just as well. It's boredom and A.D. A girl or a game chess would fill the gap. But I've just enough pep for revision or research? 7 pm. Yes this does set going a morbid train of thought, mostly about my lost

valuable. All my careless folly. What an ass I am! Will heroin help me to forget it?

Mr Symonds is Crowley's literary executor. The present life is an expanded revision of two earlier books (1961, 1968). It does the Beast proud, and would have appealed to his sense of humour, being such a travesty of official biographies, equally palpitating, sincere and imaginative, but occupied with the opposite of what is usually considered to make life worth living. It's worth reading, if only as a contribution to the problem of evil.

Evil is an accumulation of power from the destructive impulses or the collective unconscious. It can be personified as a spring is personified, and the Devil is a name for this personification. It is more than just the absence of good or the presence of error, for it can snowball into mob violence or mass hysteria. Cruelty is infectious as well as stupid. I am going along with

For an illustrated history of the Devil in all his forms, Mr Wheatley is excellent. His summaries of the various cults are adequate, but some of his photographs, like the Jivaro head of various Polynesian or pre-Columbian manifestations of evil are most impressive. Terror, dirt and cruelty are the infernal qualities; lust has to be paid for, riches do not come. St Anthony is better company, than all his temptations put together.

There remains 'white magic,' the witchcraft that is a survival of the old pagan religions. The modern revival of witchcraft (see 'What Witches Do') seems harmless enough; if the cover foretellers at the local. One is grateful for any addition to local colour. But perhaps it's not always as harmless as Mr Farrar suggests. Blood sacrifices are the signal that persecution is afoot.

An interesting Crowley-free account of the world of magic is Kurt Seligman's. He was a Surrealist painter, and he brings some taste and discipline to his imaginative account. The Compleat Astrologer is a fine coffee-table book which gives tables enabling everyone born since 1900 to calculate their nativity. I wish I liked the colourful illustrations better: the zodiacal types all look as if they were straight from the Scampi belt. If 'magic' is the science of the future (Colin Wilson) will be having our fill of Paracelsus, Nostradamus, Cagliostro, Jung and Gurdjieff.

Back to the Tarot for fortune-telling or just contemplation, there's nothing vulgar about these medieval symbols. The Pipe, Emperor, Fool, Wizard, "I do not see the Hanged Man," not a dying God, as Hitler suggested, but Truth, starting at us upside down.

Independent lives

SHORT STORIES
OSCAR TURNILL

The Life Guard by John Wain (Macmillan, £1.75). Highly versatile reminder that the writer at best is also impersonator, not merely some extra-acute onlooker. Mr Wain's life guard, a Lancashire boy doing (and fatally ruining) a job created for him, the only one he can do; his tale is not so much absorbed in the technical challenge of a steep meadow; his journalist-faddist Lovelace, foredoomed in pursuit of the next bandwagon—all lead independent lives. Lovelace, whose adventures allow Mr Wain some enjoyable sideways at the literary life, is a particularly fine comic creation.

Paradise by Alberto Moravia (Secker & Warburg £2.25). Moravian women are a special breed. Couched in the fertile mind of their creator, the middle-class Italian wives confess compulsively. Uniformly aware of their own desirability (given to itemising its main points, as well as their underwear), contemptuous of the ugly and well-to-do husbands who have added them to their possessions, rejected by their children, they are impossibly among monuments raised to their emotions, elaborating erotic fantasies of escape that only carry them deeper into their private little infernos. These first-person stories are impeccably crafted, though their tone of voice (through thirty-four episodes) proves as constant as their subjects' preoccupations.

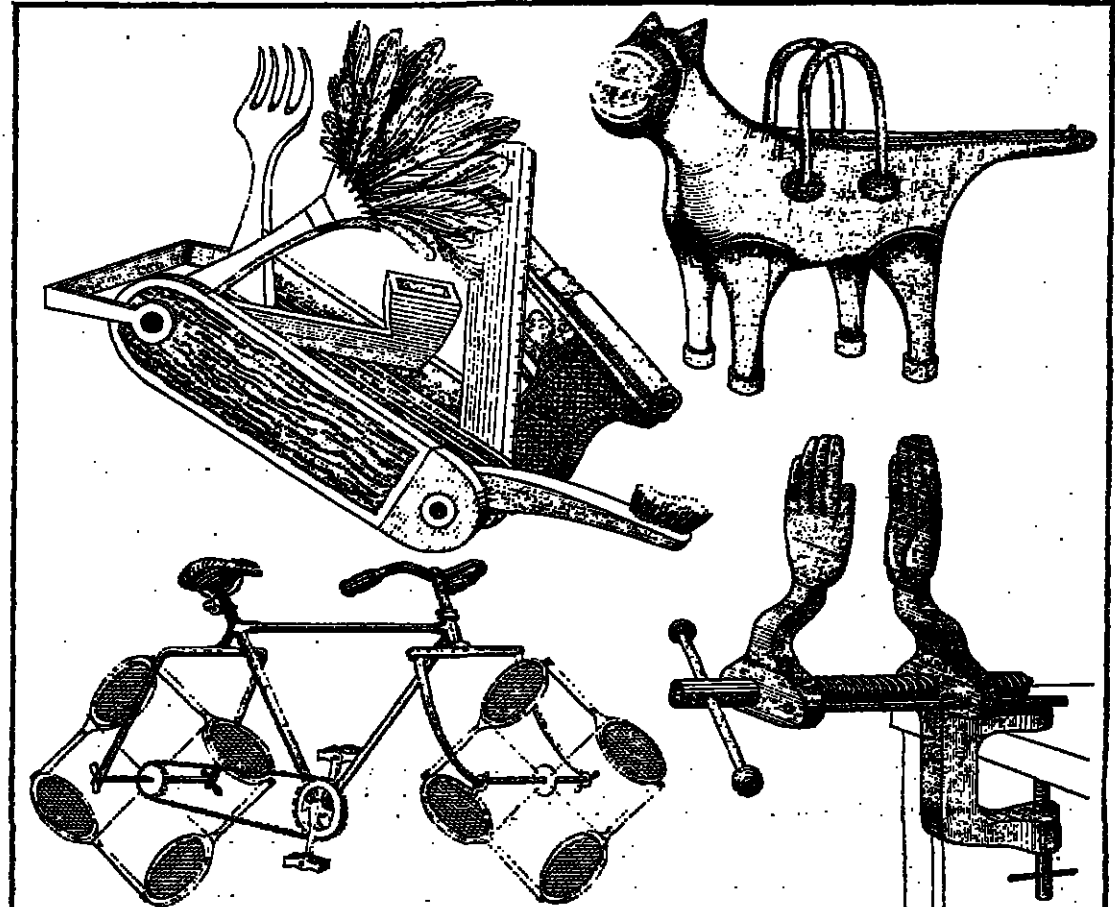
A Season with Eros by Stan Barstow (Michael Joseph, £2). Mr Barstow is a self-acknowledged chronicler of North-country life, which isn't always quite so special as he would have us believe. He has a sharp eye and ear, though, for its particularities and essences—its poured in the kitchen, set out on the oilcloth-covered winging, a married daughter's concentration of condoms as "Ugh! Mucky things", the dogged, regretful honesty of the pood. Some of his stories are too neat, too encapsulated, but he asserts what unchanged lives many of us still lead.

Declarations of War by Len Deighton (Cape £1.50). Variations on a single theme, what war or its artefacts do to men, worked out in a series of loving period re-creations—the Trenches and the old RAF Flying Corps days, the RAF in the Forties, the American Civil War, the Indian Army... Some of the tricks are pat (eg, the Romans awaiting Hannibal's elephants are depicted in the vocabulary of space-venture SF) but it is all done with a disarming relish that adds to the enjoyment.

The Japanese Girl by Winston Graham (Collins £1.75). Pleasure in story-telling, and real versatility in setting and background. Plots are neatly turned, usually with crime, lust, and the corner, and (in addition to several excellent historical flights) they are informed with observation of life now—witness the use of trendy hairdressing as the spring of the fatal adulteries in *The Wigwag*.

I Don't Want to Know Anyone Too Well by Norman Levine (Macmillan £1.75). The tone is confidential, first-person reminiscence—Jewish childhood in Ottawa, RAF officer service in Britain, the disillusion of return both to Canada and England, and finally a new sense of location in Cornwall. Love affairs, friendships all gently fall, yet in spite of the main title there is a continuing thread of affection for people.

Davy Jones's Tale by Elizabeth Walter (Harvill Press £1.50). Exercises in the macabre that satirically obey all the rules, and mostly avoid pastiche. The Hare, set in the East-West no-man's-land, is successfully "modern," while *The Lift*, frustratingly carrying its passenger through time when he has gone to spare, and *Hushabye Bay*, in which child-talking is given a "P. Powys-like twist, are splendid.



Four invaluable objects: from a book of drawings called *A Catalogue of Extraordinary Objects* by Jacques Carelman, translated from the French by Rosaleen Walsh (Abelard Schuman £1.50). Top, left to right: universal pen-knife and cat-carrier. Bottom: snowplough-bicycle and vice for vicars or ecclesiastically-minded handiman.

The servant problem

MURIEL SPARK has made a Gothic comedy of the goings-on below stairs in *Not To Disturb*, a black entertainment as suave and as soft-footed as the very best butler and its main character is indeed, a complete gentleman's gentleman called Lister.

Lister is hardly a personality on the epic scale of Dougal Douglas or Miss Brodie, but he presides with unshakable calm and authority beyond the green baize of the big new Swiss house where the servants are putting their memoirs in order for the highest bidder against the imminent death of their employers; and the employers, Baron and Baroness Klopstock, are secreted in the library with a personable young secretary and a notice on the door: Not to disturb.

The whole bizarre action occupies only one stormy night as the servants rehearse their spontaneous interviews and their exclusive revelations with half an ear cocked for the bloody deaths in the library, which will announce the end of this characteristically macabre concept, however, is the least part of the book. It is, rather, an examination of a type, the Jekyll and Hyde side of Jeeves as it were, done with wit and virtuosity and an epigrammatic (though hardly up to dialogue-Burnett standards) and involving some enthralling women characters.

Chief of these are Eleanor, Lister's religious aunt and his love, and Heloise, the young maid pregnant by it, seems, almost an effective counter to the mad heir in the attic. Heloise and her contemporaries speak in a marvellous jargon, part showbiz, part psychiatric and part scientific, a splendid mintage which produces the memorable phrase, "You should always do your own thing in a simulation."

Even if this is not vintage Spark, and despite nudging reminders of Kressing's 'The Cook', there is still far more invention and wit than half a dozen other new novels put together.

Burning by Diane Johnson (Heinemann £2). Agreeably stylised comedy of terror in the magical world of smart California psychiatry as seen by innocent couple just married off the coast, but finally married off to the mad heir in the attic. Heloise and her contemporaries speak in a marvellous jargon, part showbiz, part psychiatric and part scientific, a splendid mintage which produces the memorable phrase, "You should always do your own thing in a simulation."

NOT TO DISTURB by Muriel Spark/Macmillan £1.75
JOHN WHITLEY

but the bruises go very deep and are applied with skill.

The Winds of War by Herman Wouk (Collins £2.50). Epic in size—800 pages—and subject—the war build-up to Pearl Harbour—this novel is still only a disappointing skirmish around its theme: the interacting lives of an American naval officer and his children and those of an expatriate Jewish historian and his daughter all stuffed into the military pressure cooker. The interminable working-out of father-child antagonisms, usually spiced with philosophising about religious gaps or generation gaps, stifles the short snatches of sensitivity which come close to expressing what it was like to be a neutral envoy in Nazi Germany, the flavour of a bombing raid. And to every scene is appended a history-teacher's caption. No battle honours.

Every Night's a Bullfight by John Gardner (Michael Joseph £2.50). More advice for Mrs Worthington though less felicitously phrased than Noël Coward's. Douglas Silver, a twenty-six-year-old star director, reanimates a decaying English theatre festival company mainly by making 'Romeo and Juliet' a battle between blacks and

whites and hiring a Negro night club singer to play in Othello. Apparently he does it all to work out his sexual drive, a solution not made available to the rest of his distinguished cast who have endless problems with theirs. There are some stimulating moments at the first night of each play but the book makes Theatre (Mr Gardner allocates a capital letter to his Muse throughout) seem nothing more than a public relations exercise.

Frontiers by Christopher Kinmonth (Davis-Poynter £2). First novel from this new imprint attempts an elaborate pastiche of Lawrence Durrell at his most alexandrine but is defeated by its own failure to be funny. An intellectual sergeant in Intelligence finds himself on the Tigris in the last war, holding the peace between the old protectorate and the new nationalism while fulfilling to the top of his bent a predilection for sodomy which is represented as a philosophical development: the climax, literally, finds him being had by the neighbourhood mullah and then gang-banged by that holy man's followers. But he does find time to admire the scenery which is described in fervent and persuasive prose.

Times present

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY edited by Alan Bullock
Thames & Hudson £8.40 pp 371
THE TIMES HISTORY OF OUR TIMES edited by Marcus Cunliffe
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £6 pp 416
FREDERIC RAPHAEL

THE LAST MAN who knew everything died at the end of the eighteenth century; I forget his name. The rate of growth of new knowledge is now greater than any single brain's capacity to keep up with it. (There is, we are told, unlikely to be any nuclear physicist *au courant* with the whole field of nuclear physics.) The present is already out of sight; the future may never come. Since we are now writing off generations yet unborn, there is, I suppose, something appropriate in a gaggle of distinguished academics getting together to write the obituary of a century which has not even died yet.

The Twentieth Century brings up to date a series that began with *The Dawn of Civilisation*. A lot of articles have been commissioned and a lot of illustrations chosen since the first stone artefact. There seems no obvious reason why the present volume should be any less authoritative or intellectually respectable than its predecessors, but in fact there is something damagingly false in assimilating to a series concerned with eras which are, so to say, closed books, a collection of match reports on a game still in progress.

The volume is said to be edited by Dr Bullock, the bumble tasks of proof-reading must have been beneath him; indeed, like the everlasting arms, they were beneath everyone. One's impression is of a hurried collation of instant prose, a great paella of indigestible styles swathed over with journals and learned statements almost too tendentious for 1066 and All That.

For instance, Professor Herbert Nicholas would have us believe that the Japanese surrender would never have taken place without the dropping of both atomic bombs. His chapter on America may be well-judged for the American market, but it seems to me a Panglossian travesty. We are given the usual wodge of colour and black and white illustration, but who would guess from the selection that

photography itself was an art-form of our times? There are errors in the chronological tables. The index is an index as a glass eye is not a single, telling anyone remarking its absence.

The best sections are those by Professor Stephen Toulmin on science and, for those who like the history of ideas to be presented by someone who has no trouble in not intruding his own, one by Anthony Quinton. Toulmin quotes a scientist as the first atomic test as saying, "We are all sons of bitches now."

It is characteristic of the whole flaccidly elaborate production that it contains not a single bold idea, not a single telling judgement and not a single provoking prediction. (Might not somebody—perhaps Arthur C. Clarke—have projected an account of the next thirty years and of what needs to be done if we are to be alive to evaluate it?)

After the pundits, the journeyman. The *Times History of Our Times* is more modest in scope—only a quarter of a century, but more pages for three-quarters of the price—and less lachrymose with professors. It is a credit to its editor, Professor Marcus Cunliffe (every ship must have its captain), and to the majority of its contributors, that they have responded with enthusiasm and even some asperity to their assignments. Patrick Keating writes trenchantly on "The Commonwealth and Britain" and does not hesitate to offer a cold douche to our remaining illusions. His tart comment on one of them, Mr Edward Heath, would disqualify him, were he an academic, from any professorship in the gift of the present Ministry.

Many of the other writers are working journalists. They bring an eye for significant detail—Neal Ascherson on Eastern Europe, Chile Nakane on Japan, Tullio Halperin Donghi on Latin America—to those areas where grandiose vaffie can so easily turn one off. The sections on the arts, though workmanlike in the case of Ronald Hayman, prove once more how willing critics are to take most seriously those who write the most impressive prospectuses. Anyone would think that aesthetic manifestoes were the key form of our time. The lack of colour printing means that the reproductions of modern painting, for instance of Mark Rothko, are more gestural towards comprehension than aids to comprehension. The photographs, however, are well chosen and the analytic tables both clear and helpful.

SHORT REPORTS

The Photographs by Vassilis Vassilikos, translated from the Greek by M. E. Edwards (Secker & Warburg, £1.90). Cinematic jumble of love making, political satire and scenic evocation by author of '21', the young Greek filmmaker returns to home-town to relieve love affair and recapture childhood sensibility. Flashbacks and fantasies, the stage, portrait hero as cat, confuse and amuse the reader.

A Virtual Image by Rosalind Wiseman (Macmillan £2). With a painting holiday in view, Suby journeys through France to the Camargue, in search of her friend, the painter, and her increasingly mysterious and illusive and the quest takes on a deeper significance, not without some encounters. Splendidly written and very gripping. Panle by Colin Spencer (Secker & Warburg, £1.90). After his daughter's murder and wife's suicide, Rod, combs Brighton underworld for revenge through variety of criminal contacts, including retarded dwarf and lesbian burglar, he eventually comes to the killer. Every material illustration by cleverly handled multiple narrative and sympathetic insights into mind of sexual pervers.

A Chance To Sit Down by W. G. Sebald (Macmillan £2). Fascinating peep behind the scenes in the life of a ballet dancer: iron discipline, emotional frustrations, fears of becoming fat and perpetual washing of lights are the lot of Barbara, who is defeated at every turn in her attempts to make a career, and lead a normal happy life. First novel of considerable skill.

Country Matters by Fred Bassett (Andre Deutsch £2). Derek, 27, Catholic and a virgin, leaves his Lancashire home for London, his ears tingling with his father's warnings of dire perils to come. He recalls his undistinguished school days, his first love, the younger brother, whom he links up with in London, takes up teaching with religious fervour, but finds no satisfaction and little sex. A rather dry, but very quite unsuitable, but funny in parts.

PETER LANYON

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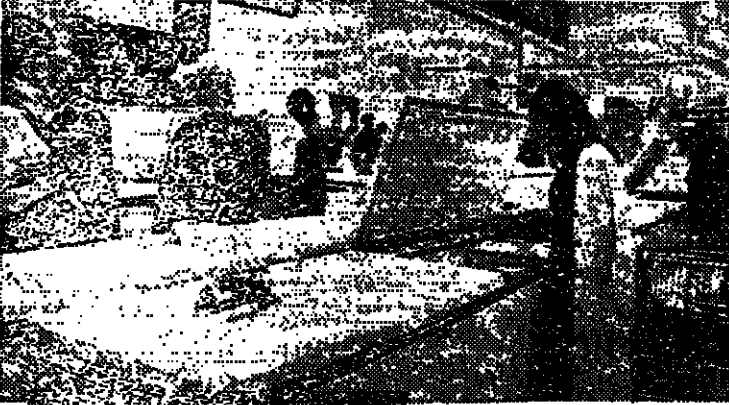
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PERSONAL SHOPPERS WELCOME—OPEN SATURDAY

Open house at less cost

"I'm not really a do-it-yourself man at all," says Alan Fletcher, one of the design partners and founders of the Crosby/Fletcher/Forbes team. "But quite simply I was short of money. I'd paid so much more for the house than I'd ever expected so that I had no option."

When he bought the house was a collection of dark, dank rooms tucked off a Notting Hill Gate crescent and it housed seven people. Now it is light and airy, open-plan with hardly any doors, no corridors and no floors. Much of the work Alan Fletcher either did himself or supervised using local handymen. "In the end I realised I understood most things better than anybody else," he says. "And I was driven to organising it through lack of money."

It all goes to show what a shortage of cash can do. As you can see from the picture the house is colourful, gay and full of visual interest. The central core of the house was ripped out and instead of having doors, separate rooms and walls the whole ground floor is open-plan with the separate areas defined by the arrangement of the furniture. A beautiful cast-iron staircase, rescued from the old Paddington Town Hall, links the ground floor with the airy landings, one housing Alan Fletcher's desk and study area, the other their bed.

Alan Fletcher didn't do everything himself. As he put it: "I quickly learned what I couldn't do and what I couldn't discover that there were skills I simply hadn't got. Carpentry, for instance, I simply could not cut the edges straight. So I got somebody else to do it. Plastering, too, I found was a skill I just couldn't get right. I adopted a simple principle with the walls: I decided to pull off everything soft until I came to something hard then I stopped and painted it white. It seemed to work. I wanted to paint the beams black but they were all ridden with woodworm so I had to rip them out and we were left with a complete shell. To make the floors that were



An ex-municipal staircase, no corridors, no curtains and a lot of do-it-yourself

to form the landing I just got the cheapest wood, pine, and I bought joist hangers and fixed those to the ceiling and then dropped the planks of wood into them. I did all the electrical work in the house myself. It isn't a skill, it's just a matter of putting the right-coloured wires together in the right way. I had a quote for £250 for doing all the wiring in the house. It seemed a lot so I bought The Electrician's Mate for 3s 6d and did it all myself. It cost me £25. I made several rules to simplify things—everything wood stayed plain wood. If I had to paint anything (like a wall) it became white. If it was metal it became black. This is what I call using design in an economic way. In the same way I only have black ties or socks, it makes it so much easier getting dressed in the mornings. When it came to painting furniture I went to Simpsons (off Edgware Road) and I bought three lots of polyurethane paint.

red, green and blue, so everything had to be one of those colours. This meant I didn't have to keep on making aesthetic decisions. The heating I dealt with by buying a great factory heater (a lovely black functional looking object) that is bigger than the biggest domestic heater, but cheaper even than the middle-range size. I didn't actually do the plumbing but I'm sure I could. It's not a skill these days, now that you can use plastic tubing. It's all rather like a do-it-yourself kit. I think my best buys were the things I got from Paddington Town Hall like the cast-iron stairs with the oak treads, the extra railings I used round the landings and the lift of shutters. I don't like curtains, and besides saving on the cleaning, the shutters have a security function. The sofas were devised by me (apart from the Chesterfield that is). The bases are formed from flush doors laid on a wooden batten, then there are rubber

foam mattresses simply covered with one of the blankets that I always try to bring back from abroad. For our bed we got a box-spring with a mattress straight on the floor (the space under the bed was originally used for chamber-pots, if you don't use them, why keep the space to collect stuff?). Then I bought two whitewood units that matched up, backed them up against the bed to form a bedhead. One is painted blue, one green. This way you get not only a headboard but somewhere to put the clothes as well. The bed is covered in a patchwork bedspread which Paula (Alan's Italian wife) crocheted.

Everything in the kitchen is open—there are no doors or covered-in cupboards. Tongued-and-grooved pine is on the walls and into it are stuck nails on which all the utensils hang. The Fletchers work on the principle that if something is used often it gets cleaned often; if it isn't used often enough to stay clean it shouldn't be there at all. All the shelving is Remploy's simple, standard system and the cupboards in the larder area are just Remploy shelves with doors made for them by a local carpenter. Most of the furniture is based on such simple ideas. Alan Fletcher's desk is formed from two bits of blockboard, edged in wood and covered with black lino to give a good working surface. If the lino gets marked, you just change it. The whole house is full of ingenious ideas, showing how with a little effort, plenty of imagination and flair, you can make do with surprisingly little of that old-fashioned commodity, £sd.

Lucia van der Post

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

Friends: first of a series

"I'M MORE at ease with people older than myself. I always used to get on with older people, it's been a tendency all my life. I don't know why exactly, maybe because I was the youngest in the family and then I was always very close to my father. There's one great friend I have in Edinburgh who's nearly 70, and we put ourselves out for her in every way when she comes to London. The nice thing is that one goes on making friends all one's life. Children are a great source of friends, the parents of one's children's friends. We draw friends from a lot of sources. We have old Chelsea friends and constituency friends and friends we know in Kent. There are friends from the days when I was doing chemistry at Oxford. I know one or two lawyers, one or two women who are married or widowed, people leading very ordinary lives. Then my husband has all his rugged cronies and I have a circle of political friends. We have a life together and a life apart. I think that's very important."



Margaret Thatcher talks to Lesley Garner

I don't have a best friend, no. I suppose my sister is my best friend, but then she's my sister and maybe that doesn't count, though it doesn't follow that relatives will be friends as well. My old schoolfriends I don't see much of, they're a long way away. They didn't come to the big city, that's the difference. But there are some people I would still regard as friends though we're not much in touch, maybe just at Christmas. I don't send that many Christmas cards, about 400, and I'll scribble messages in perhaps 150. Birthdays fall by the wayside I'm afraid, but if I were to see any of those friends I'd be so thrilled.

One great schoolfriend went and did domestic science after school and I never see her now, but I'm still in touch, especially with her parents and I would regard them as friends. It's really someone who's known a large slice of your life. A few people I've known a long time and still see. It's really

the people who are near to one geographically that one sees most. I knew Edward Boyle at Oxford and he's a friend. I do think friendship goes more by party politics than by sex, though I have friends with quite different political views. I don't really want to come in today and he'll understand perfectly. It's a matter of feeling at ease with people that marks friends from the circle of acquaintance. One of my greatest friends is a widow I knew from my Dartford days and she takes the children to the pictures. If we have tickets for the theatre we could ring her up very late and ask her without her feeling she'd been asked at the last minute. I rarely go and stay with friends for a weekend. I don't like staying in other people's homes for very long. When I'm working hard all week I prefer to relax in my own home. If I had friends round I'd like just to talk in a very relaxed atmosphere over a drink. Just talking really, I don't play sports at all.

I don't think you see so much of your friends if you have a family. I really can't imagine how people in politics and so on manage without a family life. I need a settled and contented home life, where you can go home and have unconditional affection and loyalty. I'm a naturally hard worker which does get in the way of seeing friends. I get a bit worried sometimes thinking of when I retire—which I hope I do a long way away—and I think one could be very lonely. I'd have to make a terrific effort, maybe I could spend the first year of my retirement simply seeing friends. I'm not that fond of my own company."

Bill Belcher

We wanted to hear A little Indian music But I couldn't find A baby star.

H. F. Lovelock

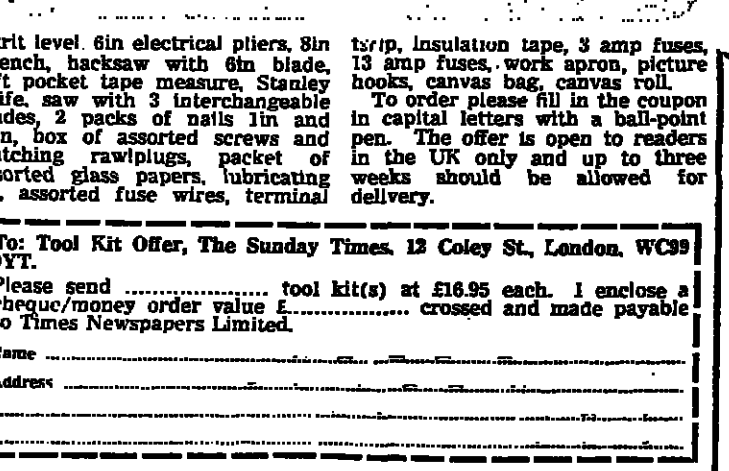
And to do it yourself...

ANYONE who has ever decided to take a job around the house rather than call in a plumber, painter, electrician, or builder, will know how exasperating it can often be. The prospect so often falls through for lack of the right tools and it's back to the builder, who can't come for a fortnight.

When we decided to offer a comprehensive tool kit to readers, we found among experts a considerable snobbery about tools; one manufacturer made the best this, another the best that. What was needed was a kit with the best of each type of tool for the reasonable price. So we compiled our own, from the best, and tried to include the basic equipment to handle almost any type of job (over 30 different tools).

Most tool kits come in a heavy expensive box. We preferred to spend the money on good quality tools; and use something less unwieldy. So we designed a strong, light navy canvas bag which would hold all the heavy tools, containing a small matching roll which would take all the smaller items.

The value of the tool kit, buying each item separately, is over £20, but the cost to Sunday Times readers is £18.95 including packing and despatch. The kit contains: Surform file, hand drill, 1in. flatbit, 1in. flatbit, masonry drills 8, 10 and 12, 4in. wood chisel, 1in. wood chisel, pin hammer, 16oz claw-foot hammer, 3in screwdriver, 8in screwdriver, try and mitre square with



spirit level, 6in electrical pliers, 8in wrench, hacksaw with 6in blade, 10ft pocket tape measure, Stanley knife, saw with 3 interchangeable blades, 2 packs of nails 1in and 1 1/2in, box of assorted screws and matching nails, packet of assorted glass papers, lubricating oil, assorted fuse wires, terminal

trip, insulation tape, 3 amp fuses, 13 amp fuses, work apron, picture hooks, canvas bag, canvas roll. To order please fill in the coupon in capital letters with a ball-point pen. The offer is open to readers in the UK only and up to three deliveries. **Lucia van der Post**

To: Tool Kit Offer, The Sunday Times, 13 Coley St, London, WC9 9YT. Please send _____ tool kit(s) at £18.95 each. I enclose a cheque/money order value £ _____ crossed and made payable to Times Newspapers Limited.

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Hopefully we will publish them as a booklet presently. Obviously, some ideas were contributed by many different readers. In that case, we have named, and will pay, the reader whose postcard was first out of the bag. ● After reading my newspapers I clean the windows with them. First I wet one in a bucket of water. Then a dry one for a rub and the windows are gleaming like new. (Mrs S. Hulme, Borough Green, near Sevenoaks, Kent.) ● You can economise on fuel by unplugging the iron before finishing the heat remaining will finish the last article. And don't fill the kettle to capacity: the least bit will do for a pot of tea for one. (Mrs E. Collier, 3 Tudor Place, SE3.) ● My greatest money-saver was to have my sitting-room draught-excluded. When I bought the

house my skirt would lift with the draught. I sat at the table. Now I heat a large room with a third of my gas fire. My gas bill has been halved. (Mrs J. C. Ealing, London W5.)

Whenever I buy a bottle of washing liquid I tip half the contents into the empty one, then fill up both with water, so I have two bottles for the price of one. For heavy-labour people like me, this tip is invaluable. (Mrs Ellen Whitehead, 47 Ransman Crescent, Craig y Don, Llandudno, Caerns.) ● My bread bills have been more than halved since I started making by own bread—and it is unbelievably easy to do. A host of different types of bread can be made from the basic dough—plain loaves, cheese bread, onion bread, plait, (Miss P. Phipps, 2 Cornmarket Avenue, Kidderminster, Worcs.)

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The new Sunday Times full-colour wallchart, Nelson and the Victory at Trafalgar, already best-seller, is now on sale at HMS Victories in Portsmouth and at the National Maritime Museum in London. To receive your copy send a cheque for £1 (plus 10p postage and packing) or a postal order to: The Nelson Touch, The Sunday Times, 13 Coley Street, London WC9 9YT.

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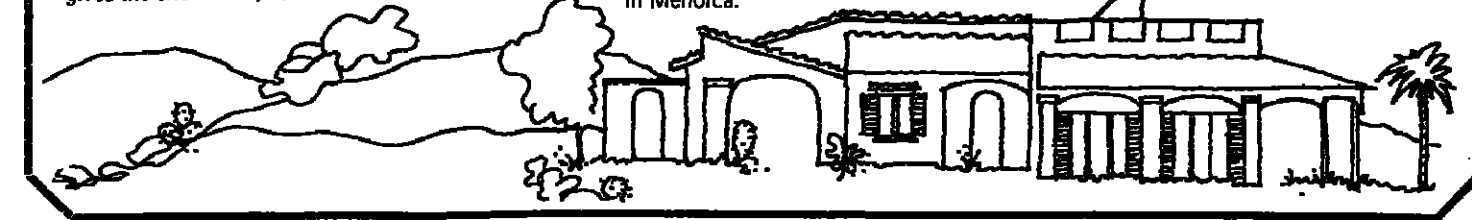
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only the estate agent began about English exchange laws. If she wanted to trans- out of the country she had to have to apply to the Bank for permission and

the money's no problem," interrupted. "I have it. Whereupon she opened her bag and she did indeed 10,000 to spend.

a sublime innocents apart, people find buying property a bit like solving a puzzle in both ways at once. At the end you have to wrestle with visions and exchange control, at the other you can get d in foreign laws, unforeseen and what the Portuguese is for forgotten to put the roof

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budgets—but it could help to bring down the currency premium or even eliminate it altogether if there is a free exchange of funds for stock market investment.

Once you've bought your slice of Spanish or Portuguese real estate, you are then faced with the problem of how to look after it when you're not there and how to make a little income from it. Many of the better overseas developments now offer management and letting services—some even guarantee a fixed annual return on the price of the property. This is common, for instance, on the Costa del Sol in Spain, where you can find guarantees of 12 per cent net every year for three years, or 10 per cent a year for 10 years with free replacement of furniture at the end. Some of the deals, however, are pure investment in the sense that you yourself are not allowed to use the property unless you pay rent.

In this country several firms specialise in ironing out the problems of buying and owning abroad. One of the newest is Butterfield and Partners in Richmond, Surrey. Their particular patch is the Spanish Costa Blanca where, for a fee of £50, they will secure around and find whatever type of property your fancy seizes on.

But the firm with the most comprehensive service is undoubtedly Owners' Services Ltd of Broxbourne, Herts. They operate in more than a dozen areas, from the Mediterranean (Cyprus and Menorca in the two most recent), handle sales in about 80 picked developments and look after the affairs of 7,000 British owners of property abroad. A large part of OSL's business lies in arranging private air holidays to the villas and flats owned by members, and this year they have handled something like 33,000 such holidays.

If you buy a property through OSL, you get their extensive letting and management services for nothing, not to mention expertise on legal and financial problems. Their air holiday business is now according to OSL, are earning upwards of £800 a year from property that cost £4,000 or less. But anyone who owns a villa or flat abroad can register with OSL for £2 a year and make use of their letting and other services. The only condition is that the property must be in an area already covered by OSL holidays. This means, among others, Spain, the Balearics, Portugal, the Canaries, Cyprus and Corfu.

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